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THE NATIONAL LIBRARY, No. II.—*The History of the Bible*. 2 vols. Vol. I. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

We shrewdly suspect that the great object in publishing the history now under our notice was to challenge comparison with Mr. Milman's "History of the Jews;" not only to show that Messrs. Colburn & Bentley's National Library would contain a history of the Jews as well as Mr. Murray's Family Library, but that it would be free from the heterodoxy with which Milman's work has been charged. We think, however, that in this latter presumption the gentlemen of Burlington Street will find themselves deceived; as we flatter ourselves we shall be able to show, that, whereas Mr. Milman's book only sets forth a few odd notions of the Fathers concerning the ten plagues, this work of Mr. Gleig's abounds with the most dangerous novelties. If he has written for a bishopric, we have no hesitation in declaring that he will be disappointed—he has too speculative a head for a mitre. Bishops should deal with truths, not dabble in theories. Mr. Gleig's first professional attempt is such a complete failure, that we can feel little hopes of his future success in the same way. His work is not only bad as an ill-compiled, but dangerous as a misguiding book, and no more a history of the Bible, than it is a history of Tom Thumb. It is nothing more nor less than a romance founded upon the Bible, by the author of "The Subaltern;" and, as all such books are, where fiction is founded upon truth, full of fantasies mixed up with the realities of the parent volume. How has the venerable Bible been here mutilated and transformed! She has been stripped of the sweet simplicity of her natural attire, and tricked out in a new coif and farthingale for the amusement of his majesty's lieges.

We really could not read this volume without pain and indignation. Heavens! is it possible that a work, which none but a man whose mind is of the most gigantic mould, and who had directed the whole energies of that mind for years to the subject, could do justice to—we repeat, is it possible, that such a work should have been undertaken by a young divine, just out of the army, whose literary labours have been hitherto chiefly confined to novels, narratives of wars, and similar subjects—is it possible that such a man can plunge all at once from the fopperies of mere fashionable lore, into the extreme depths of literary investigation?—That Mr. Gleig was utterly unequal to the task which he has imposed upon himself, the present volume exhibits in almost every page.

Mr. Gleig commences his work with a long introduction, to prove that the Bible is authentic, and yet, from his new History we should be led to infer, that it is not authentic, for he insists, that the chronology of the Hebrew Bible "abounds with contradictions and inconsistencies" (p. 23); but if a part of it be false, what proof can we have that the whole is not so? If any portion of the sacred volume which we are taught to receive as the word of God, can be proved to be undeserving of belief, the book ceases at once to be oracular, and we have no longer any

security for its inspiration:—where then are we to look for truth?—in Mr. Gleig's book? God knows, it will be looking for a needle in a haystack; if truth is not to be found in the old Bible, we shall search for it in vain in Mr. Gleig's new one.

Now we would ask the reverend and learned editor of Messrs. Colburn & Bentley's National Library, for whom his History of the Bible was written? Did he intend that it should be addressed to infidels exclusively or chiefly, or to those who had not yet made up their minds about the authenticity of the sacred records? Scarcely, we should imagine, could such have been his intention. Then why that introduction? Why take so much trouble to prove, what probably not one of his future readers will have ever doubted? If he intended that his book should be among the household gods of all the sober families in the kingdom that could afford to purchase it—that it should go, if possible, into the hands of all the young children who could read and think, from the Orkneys to the Land's End, why should he have exhausted so much time and pains to prove a book to be true, when not one in a thousand, into whose hands it is likely to fall, ever had a doubt about the matter? They who believe it to be true, could have no need of Mr. Gleig's introduction to prove it so, and they who maintain it to be false, will require something more forcible than this very lame effort to convince them to the contrary. But Mr. Stackhouse, some hundred years ago, wrote a History of the Bible in two respectable folios, which he preceded by an introduction to establish its authenticity. Though this is all very true, it does not therefore follow, that the reverend editor of the work before us was wise, or indeed justified, in doing the same thing. Stackhouse, moreover, who was a very different sort of person from Mr. Gleig, and who, if we were to measure the intellectual calibre of each, we should compare to a thirty-six pounder opposed to a popgun, wrote his book decidedly for the learned; at all events, not for the multitude. He never could have expected, that his ponderous folios, at a high price, would become a work of general purchase. And besides, we have our doubts if Stackhouse's history has tended in the least degree to advance the cause of religion. We cannot say, that we are advocates for turning the sacred text into a form different from what the Bible presents it to us, and substituting learned surmises where its history may be thought to be defective. We have no objection to commentaries; these may be very useful, and though they often offuscate rather than embellish the truths which they are written to illustrate, there are, no doubt, many of them which throw great light upon the obscurities of the sacred volume. Although, however, we condemn any history of the Bible in the form of the book before us, still the worthy vicar of Beenhams' folios are very differently written from Mr. Gleig's tricky duodecimo:—the former always asserts with caution, gives his authorities, and frequently uses such modifying terms as—*it may be, perhaps, probably, &c.*, generally qualifying his statements with some significant expression to denote the possibility that he may be mistaken, admitting the old maxim *humanum est errare*; whilst, on the

contrary, the latter boldly fixes himself upon the tripod of truth, and delivers his categories *ex cathedra*, with all the positiveness of the Delphic Pythoness, or the doves of Dodona. The book now upon our table is compiled after the manner of Stackhouse's work. The history is first given; objections are then stated and answered at the end of each chapter. Stackhouse, however, divided his "objections" from the narrative portion of his work, making separate sections of these extraneous subjects, so that the reader may pass them over if he sees fit, and pursue the thread of the narrative unbroken. Our theological tyro, on the contrary, has mixed up the whole together into one unleavened mass, so that his book is not only as heavy as unfermented dough, but has so much less of inspired than of human information, that the light of the one is quite obscured by the murkiness of the other.

Having now sufficiently expressed our general opinion of the work, we shall proceed to particulars, and commence by an examination of Mr. Gleig's introduction. At page 2, he tells us, that "it appears the height of absurdity to affirm, that God, when communicating this revelation," that is, of himself and of his will, to men, "does not possess the means of convincing those to whom it is granted, that they have been subject to no delusion; such advantages men everywhere enjoy when conversing, or otherwise negotiating the one with the other—it were strange to deny to the great author of the universe, a degree of power, which is continually exercised by his creatures." What an illustration! Now, we utterly deny that men have such power upon any single abstract question whatever. No man can convince another, beyond the possibility of doubt, of anything which he cannot prove to a demonstration! To compare God with man, is an absurdity, as there can be nothing in common between finite and infinite. His revelations are not measured by man's reasonings, there is nothing analogous in the one to the other. The deity can convince wherever it pleases him; his creature cannot. If the Almighty had no better means of awakening credit to his revelations than those with which he has endowed his creatures, he would be anything but omnipotent.

Mr. Gleig's arguments against those who contend that man is endowed with an innate sense of the Deity, (although we do not believe them to be his own,) are by no means conclusive. He endeavours to prove that all perceptions of Deity are adscititious, and therefore to subvert the theory of man's being instinctively a religious agent, thus:—"To overthrow the notion of an innate sense of religion, it is sufficient to observe, that instincts, where they exist, are never erroneous, nor lead such as obey them into absurdities. Instinct directs all animals to eat when they are hungry and to drink when they are thirsty—never to drink when they are hungry or eat when they are thirsty; indeed, instinct, as far as it goes, is undeniably the most certain guide to which creatures endowed with vitality and sensation are subject. It is a well-established fact, moreover, that the more rude and uncultivated the condition of man is, the more just and accurate are all his instincts, which are

never thwarted nor overborne except in a highly civilized and unnatural state of society.

"Let us now see in what manner this innate sense of religion has operated among mankind. Have the most correct notions of God and religion been uniformly entertained by savages, and has civilization tended to corrupt and debase them? The very reverse is the fact. The more barbarous men appear, the more unworthy are all their ideas of the great first cause; nay, there are whole tribes, in whose language no term is to be found expressive of the Creator and Governor of the Universe."

We cannot for our parts admit the doctrine that instincts are never erroneous, they sometimes lead into danger, although they generally act as a security against it. The horse in seeking his food may advance into the lair of the lion. We admit that instinct directs all animals to eat when they are hungry and to drink when they are thirsty, but it ceases here—it does not lead them to avoid everything that is noxious, since we frequently find that animals both eat and drink what causes their death, and this too without there being anything in the food itself that is pernicious—for instance, an ox will eat clover until he bursts, in spite of his instinct—so that this faculty alone, although in some degree certain, is not an infallible guide; nevertheless reason, acting upon it in man, will invariably render it so in all cases within the limits of its operation. A savage therefore may have an innate or *instinctive* sense, without having an enlarged or adequate conception of Deity. If however a savage is more just and accurate in all his instincts than the civilized man, it is only because these are more exercised in proportion as his reason is less so. But the instincts of brutes are not in the same degree affected by circumstances, so that no fair analogy can lie between them and those of man, because the latter are directed by a superior faculty. However unenlightened, therefore, a man may be, this cannot be evidence that he has no innate sense of Deity. His not having correct ideas of God, is no proof that he has none; as the power of perception may exist although it has never been exercised—just as the sense of vision is innate with a person born blind and restored to sight after birth by removing the superfluous integument from the visual orb. Such a person never would have seen, had not the obstruction been removed, although he had the faculty of vision. Thus also may that innate perception of a first and universal cause, which is common to all reasonable beings, be aroused and enlarged by the slightest intercourse with more enlightened men, without a direct revelation from God. And this is clearly the argument of St. Paul—"For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."

What Mr. Gleig calls an "unnatural state of society," is not so, as man was designed for communion; he was born a reasonable being, and endowed with intellects capable of vast expansion, and of a soul susceptible of the sublimest aims: the higher, therefore, he advances in intellectual refinement, the more perfectly he fulfils the design of providence in bringing him into the world. So that, in our view, the savage state is less natural than the civilized. Adam was no savage, and certainly no artificial man.

At page 7, Mr. Gleig very gravely tells us, that "Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, have each confessed that there was need of some divine teacher to appease their longings after truth; and what Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, avowed, he must be a bold speculator who presumes to contradict." As far as regards their single avowal of the necessity of a divine teacher to "appease their longings after truth," we heartily concur with them; but, in opposition to Mr. Gleig's sweeping conclusion, we fear not

to aver that we presume to contradict much which they have asserted; and if we did not, it is very clear to us, that we could "have no inheritance in the kingdom of God and of Christ," for the Bible clearly proves that each of those before-named philosophers avowed many things which were both false and absurd.

The arguments in pages 10, 11, and 12, have been urged a thousand and one times, and, although good, they cannot boast the charm of novelty. What pains have been taken to convince all good Christians what no good Christian ever doubted! What an interesting novel might not the reverend author before us have written in half the time that it must have cost him to commit such a homicidal act upon the book of God, as that of which we have now the proof staring us in the face. But people know their own business best, says the old saw, though certainly Mr. Gleig does not appear to have been over well acquainted with his.

At page 14 we find the following—"It is of the utmost importance, therefore, to ascertain their authenticity and divine origin (the books of Moses), that being a matter upon which rests all the foundation of our faith and hope; for if they be proved to be what they profess to be, the authenticity of the others, which continually appeal to and depend upon them, follows as a matter of course." We deny the inference. If the Pentateuch be proved to be authentic, it will by no means follow as a matter of course that all the other books are so. A forged document may have a reference to one that is genuine, but this will not therefore make it genuine. There may be much more difficulty, for instance, in proving the divine authority of the Apocalypse than of the Pentateuch, since it is not at all certainly ascertained even whether the apostle or another John was the author of the former; though no one ever denied Moses to be the author of the latter. Grotius, if we remember rightly, supplied the above *overwhelming* proof; but it has been garbled, and therefore the whole force of the learned Dutchman's reasoning is lost.

We had marked numerous hallucinations in this elaborate introduction, but our space will not allow us to state them; we shall therefore now proceed to the history itself. Its reverend author has amassed the portentous lucubrations of several learned professors, in order to show us the process of making a world. He accounts as mechanically, and as properly, no doubt, for the whole transaction—though we cannot say much for his logic—as if he had stood at God's right hand. But although he has gone to Professor Robison's "Elements of Mechanical Philosophy" to bolster up his syllogisms, he has rendered the subject tenfold more obscure than it was before he so obligingly opened his dark lantern upon it. We can assure him, that he must become a more skilful dialectician than he has shown himself to be, before he will have any chance of success in handling such exalted themes.

We collect from Mr. Gleig's first chapter, his opinion that this world is only one of a succession of systems which have departed and been renewed, heaven only knows for how long a duration. The doctrine therefore of Cuvier, that this globe had been destroyed several times, and as frequently renovated, before the creation of man, appears to be fully believed by the author before us. He does not directly state this, but we may fairly assume it to be his opinion from his book. In page 29, we read,—"But as objections have been started by geologists to the Mosaic account, arising out of the discovery of phenomena inconsistent, as they contend, with the notion of the world's extreme youth, it may be worth while to show, not only that there is nothing in Scripture forbidding us to believe that the present is but the wreck of a former world, but a great deal, as well in revelation as in natural science, to induce

a persuasion that the case really is so." Now, we assert, without fear of contradiction, that there is nothing in Scripture, and therefore neither can there be anything in revelation, properly so called, to substantiate the doctrine of the French philosopher. This is only the assumption of a fact which is nowhere even hinted at in the Bible.

Let us hear Mr. Gleig's arguments on the subject of man being created in the image of God, they are so extremely scriptural:—"We are well aware that the expression, 'the image of God,' has been frequently understood to signify that peculiar innocence and uprightness by which man, when he first came from the hands of God, was distinguished. Without doubt, the peculiar innocence referred to was not without its effect, in rendering man more perfectly than he has ever since been the image or representative of God; but we apprehend that the similitude spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis was far from consisting, either wholly or principally, in the quality of innocence. It appears to us, that the phrase, if rightly interpreted, implies that man was appointed by the Creator of all to stand towards the inferior animals in a light somewhat similar to that in which he himself stands towards man; and hence, that upon earth, man represents and bears the image of God somewhat in the same sense in which the governor of a province is said to represent or bear the image of his sovereign. If it be asked wherein this similitude consists, we answer that it is to be sought for in the whole being of man; in his moral, intellectual, and corporeal constitution, the combination of which renders him, even now, an object of instinctive dread to the fiercest inhabitant that prowls the forest. That man was more completely the image or representative of God, previous to the fall, than he has ever since been, is proved by the fact that all animals, even such as are now the most savage, dwell in harmony with him; but that he wholly ceased to act in the divine similitude after he forfeited his innocence, seems to be a notion unsupported either by reason or revelation. We know by experience that man still retains 'a dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth;' whilst God himself assigns as his reason to Noah and his sons for the prohibition of murder, that 'man's blood was not to be shed, because in the image of God created he man.'" p. 41-2.

If this be really the case, our likeness to God consists only in being vested with a little derived authority—derived from Him whose image we are said to be, and is therefore a mere abstraction, distinct from anything in our nature; so that man's likeness after the fall was only diminished in proportion to the abridgment of his authority. If this really was the meaning of Moses, he has concealed it so cunningly, that only Mr. Gleig, or rather the speculative sciolist from whom he has borrowed his exposition, could perceive it. Many great and able men, such as Philo and Origen, have been puzzled to explain the exact nature of this resemblance: Mr. Gleig, however, discusses the subject coolly and confidently, settling it, as a matter of infallible certainty, to be an accredited authority in man over the brutes, in the same manner as the Deity has an independent authority over the higher creatures. Now, we think that the fallacy of this argument must appear, when we consider that God did not appoint, but created man in his own image; and not only in his image, but after his likeness;—if this image or likeness consisted merely in a delegated authority over the lower creatures, why should the same expression be employed which is used to express man's production into being? The derived and finite authority of man could not be an image or likeness of the unde-rived and infinite authority of God—they are

so perfectly and essentially different, that there can be no definable resemblance between them. If to be created after God's image, and "to have dominion over the fishes of the sea," &c. were one and the same thing, how comes it to pass that Moses uses the copulative conjunction *and*, as thus: And God said, "let us make man in our image, after our likeness, *and* let them have," &c.? It is evident from this, that the creation of man in God's image, and the assignment of dominion to him, were to be *two* distinct acts, which is implied by the copulative *and*; and this dominion followed as a consequence of man being in his Maker's image, and therefore superior to the brutes; for the superior creature will necessarily always have an ascendancy over the inferior. We conceive that the words under discussion have a reference only to the soul; for, as this is spirit, and God, the infinite spirit, is the fountain whence it issued, the effluence from that fountain must bear a resemblance to that which produced it. This we take to be the most simple and obvious meaning of the text, of which we have quoted so laboured and forced an interpretation.

Mr. Gleig, following Warburton, supposes that after God had created man, he left him on the wide world to shift for himself before he put him into Paradise. Bishop Patrick seems in some degree to countenance this supposition; but he merely imagines Adam to have been formed out of Eden, and conducted into it immediately after his creation. "And God planted, *or* had planted," says the learned Bishop, "*for it doth not seem to be a new thing*;"—so that, according to the opinion of this eminent divine, the garden was *prepared* to receive Adam upon his creation, and not planted *after it*, as the present author would lead us to infer. His arguments, which we think anything but conclusive, although given under the authority of Bishop Warburton, may be found in pages 47 and 48. To us the words of the Bible are as plain and intelligible as words can be: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. And the Lord God planted a garden eastward of Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food: the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." It is clear enough from this passage, that if man was not created in Eden, he was put there as soon as formed. Even if we suppose that the Lord planted the garden after man's formation, why should we imagine this planting to be a work of time, when the whole creation had just been completed in six days? so that, although planted *after* man's birth, the terrestrial Paradise might have been rendered fit for his reception as soon as he was created, and all that it contained have bloomed at once in the full perfection of beauty. In the words which we have quoted from the sacred text, there is no mention made of any sojourn elsewhere. If there is any meaning in words, the garden was evidently prepared for Adam's reception: he was placed there as soon as created, and it was clearly there that Eve was formed. Mr. Gleig declares that it was not so, being, no doubt, much better informed on the subject than Moses, but supposes, as it has been so surmised by some of our ablest divines, that both the progenitors of mankind wandered about a wide unpeopled world, "possessing and enjoying the boon of vitality, and supporting themselves in common with the brutes, upon the herbs and fruits which grew around them. During this interval, it is further presumed that they were instructed by God in the duties of natural religion—taught how to address him in prayer, and habituated to the observance of the Sabbath;

till God, having sufficiently prepared them for the higher state which awaited them in Paradise, planted that garden into which he had led them." (p. 48.) From this reasoning, rash and startling, in spite of the authority by which it pretends to be supported, it would appear that the first rational being produced upon this earth, and called to life from its dust a sinless creature in the full vigour of reason and of consciousness, fresh, too, from the hand of his God, and beholding around him everything so perfect in order, so exquisite in beauty that "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," it would appear, we say, that a being so created, was absolutely lower in the scale of intelligence than the northern savage, that he was endowed with instincts but little above the brutes—requiring the discipline of years to give him a proper comprehension of his Creator, and to fit him for that earthly Paradise which he so shortly afterwards lost by transgression. According to this view of the matter, Adam remained innocent only so long as he was ignorant. After all the care and pains of the Almighty to improve his understanding, His divine goodness ended in evil to his creature, since he fell, as soon as his instruction was completed, and his earthly condition made perfect. Better that he had remained in his primeval state of barbarous stolidity, than have been blessed with a knowledge of God, since he was innocent in his ignorance, and fell only when he became wiser. We take this whole view of the matter not only to be not warranted by Scripture, but absurd in the extreme. Can we suppose, that the first man, endowed with all the moral qualities to a degree of absolute perfection, with a will to act, and a capacity to reflect, should have been so far destitute of understanding when the full splendours of creation burst upon his view, as to be insensible to their unimaginable glories? Can we imagine that such a being could have eaten grass like the ox, or nuts like the baboon? What is there incongruous in supposing that a creature, formed in the plenitude of an unwarping and unclouded reason, should have received that divine communication, as a part of his creation, which fixed upon his mind all that it was necessary for him to know of God or of himself? Why imagine the noblest object of God's creative energy to have been a work so unworthy of him, a mere groveling idiot without moral perception, until it was forced upon him by a tedious process of instruction? Why represent the great author of light and life as a mere schoolmaster, Adam as a lubberly pupil, who could not discover his right hand from his left until the information was drummed into his head through his ears. Really, all this is such drivelling, that, in spite of some of our ablest divines, though we are not told who, with Bishop Warburton at their backs, we do not hesitate to pronounce the supporters of such a vague hypothesis absolutely moonstruck. We have searched with great care in the Scriptures for a confirmation of Mr. Gleig's, and some of our ablest divines', account of Adam's antiparadisaical existence, but could nowhere find it; this account, therefore, we flatly deny to be the history of the Bible.

We have no doubt that Dr. Hales was a very clever man, and a most ingenious theorist; his chronology, however, is not the chronology of the sacred volume; therefore we cannot receive it. Dr. Hales, as an authority, is no more to be relied on than many other learned doctors. Archbishop Usher was surely as great, in our judgments a much greater, man than Dr. Hales,—at all events he was as great a man as Mr. Gleig. But Usher considers the fall to have taken place *ten* days after the creation; Messrs Hales and Gleig, a *hundred* years. Upon consulting our Bibles, we certainly find that the expulsion from Paradise occurred within

the first year after the completion of this world—the Archbishop's assumption, therefore, is at least *nearer* to probability than that of the other two reverend gentlemen.

In page 51, speaking of the state of primitive innocence, Mr. Gleig asserts, that, "surrounded by everything of which they could reasonably stand in need, the first pair dwelt for sometime. God, in the meanwhile, was their director and friend. Appearing, it may be, in the same form with which he shall hereafter appear to judge the world, he conversed with them familiarly; he instructed them in every art necessary for their prosperity; made them acquainted with their duty towards him and towards each other, and trained them, as a father trains his children, for the still higher state to which they were destined. On their parts, again, perfect happiness prevailed. Subject to no rebellious or unruly passions, docile, submissive, pious, and grateful, their life was one continued succession of such delights as are now unknown except in heaven. Had they but retained their innocence, children would have been born to them in due time, all of whom would have enjoyed the same advantages as themselves; and when mankind became too numerous—as in the course of years they must—for the narrow compass of Paradise on earth, generation after generation, as each was prepared for it, would have been translated into the abodes of the blessed. But our first parents, though pure and innocent, were, as all created beings are, imperfect. There were in them, even in Paradise, seeds of frailty, not less than seeds of holier disposition, and these, in spite of all the opposing influence of God's spirit directly bestowed, but not improved, came, unhappily, too soon to maturity."

What authority has the editor of Messrs. Colburn & Bentley's National Library for all this romance? Does he find it in the Bible? No! he has surely been in the company of the seven sleepers, and they have most kindly imparted to him their dreams.

With respect to the first pair having children had they retained their innocence, we do not deny the probability of such a very natural event; indeed, we have no great objection to Mr. Gleig's hypothesis upon this subject, because it is a harmless one; but we do decidedly object to the categorical tone with which it is delivered as the express word of God.

To us, the imperfection of man before the fall is an unscriptural tenet. Man was certainly perfect *as man* until he fell, unless his free agency constituted his imperfection; but this could not be, since, had his will not been free, even had he never sinned, he could not have been perfect, because his actions would have not accrued from himself, but from God. The perfection of these, therefore, would not have been positive in man, but derivative from God; he would, consequently, have been an imperfect, as not being a self-acting, agent. Now, we conceive that the first pair were so far perfect before the fall as to have continued innocent, without any direct influence of God's spirit upon their souls. They were formed strong enough to stand, and in this consisted the iniquity of their fall. If, as the reverend editor of the work before us declares, there were in them "the seeds of frailty, and that in spite of all the opposing influence of God's spirit directly bestowed, but not improved, it came unhappily too soon to maturity";—why then we say, that it was the *seeds of frailty* which came unhappily too soon to maturity, and not the Devil, that caused their fall. If this be true, the Devil has been sadly scandalized, and the Rev. G. R. Gleig has vindicated him with a chivalrous spirit, and shown him to be as white as snow. Surely, Adam and Eve before the fall, and especially after the hundred years' instruction, which Mr. Gleig has assigned to them, must have been sufficient of themselves to have acted up to the

conditions of the first covenant, simple as these were; so that they needed not then, as after their lapse from innocence, the sustaining grace of God. Else it is difficult to comprehend how a creature, free from the least imaginable taint of sin, and by consequence capable of perfect obedience to any given law of the spirit of Good, should have been overcome by the spirit of Evil—the greater by the less. If the first pair were sustained by God, it is not easy to imagine how they should have fallen. The Creator made man sufficiently perfect to support himself, and to act suitably to the condition for which He designed him; and having endowed him with the fullest capacity of obedience, He left him to himself; otherwise we cannot conceive how he could have infringed the divine law. If the tempter prevailed over an innocent creature, who was guided by God's holy spirit, he certainly prevailed over God as well as over man. This conclusion Mr. Gleig will scarcely admit, but it arises consequentially out of his reasonings.

At page 61, we read, "In answer to such as contend that the punishment awarded was wholly disproportionate to the degree of guilt incurred, it is sufficient to observe, that the punishment was simply a return, on the part of man, to a state of nature, whilst the offence was as rank and flagrant an act of rebellion as ever was committed."

Now, does the reverend editor gravely mean to assert, that man had ever been in the same state before, as he was after, the fall,—else what does he mean by his punishment being simply a return, on the part of man, to a state of nature?

For a specimen of Mr. Gleig's rash and gratuitous assertions, we refer to page 68. "God placed a mark upon Cain, either by blasting his countenance with lightning, OR CAUSING A Palsy TO AFFECT HIS HEAD: so that when men beheld him, they at once perceived that he was a homicide, KEPT ALIVE as an example of God's abhorrence of that hideous crime." We would ask, seriously, has Mr. Gleig been favoured with a special revelation, or does he take the learned scholiast to have been inspired, from whom he derived the information so eloquently conveyed in the above pertinent, or rather impertinent lines?

In page 70 we find Noah called 'the son of Methuselah, whilst our Bible tells us that he was the son of Lamech.

Gentle reader! we beseech thee, turn to page 78. Now is there any reason to suppose, if man's primitive nature had been a sinful one,—at least, so far sinful as to have urged him to WANDER INTO THE BY-PATHS OF INIQUITY, that he might not have proceeded, and have therefore fallen before he was tempted? Mr. Gleig is still combating in favour of the Devil. Surely, if man might naturally have wandered, though never so little, into the by-paths of iniquity, without any instigation from the Devil, he might also have wandered very far, and thus, have continued to "observe the conditions on which eternal life was offered," according to Mr. Gleig's argument, whilst he was pursuing a course of habitual transgression. We contend, however, that man must have continued perfectly innocent in Paradise, or the covenant of obedience must have been infringed. Perfect obedience was demanded as the condition of this covenant; the slightest moral deviation, therefore, would have been an act of transgression, and consequently have rendered his obedience imperfect. Every such deviation would have been an infringement of the original law of works, and the slightest infringement would have constituted his fall, because unqualified obedience was the condition upon which the primitive state of happiness upon earth was to be continued to the first pair. It is absurd then to suppose that man could have been in a state in Paradise otherwise than guiltless, as, the moment he ceased to be so, he be-

came a fallen being, because his fall consisted only in his lapse from innocence to guilt, which could not have been the case had he previously been guilty, though in the slightest possible degree. His free will did not alter his condition of innocence; he sinned freely, but he might freely have continued guiltless. As, however, he sinned of his own free will, he justly incurred the punishment which ensued upon his transgression, nor could he have transgressed in the least imaginable degree without incurring this punishment, as he had it in his power to continue entirely free from sin.

At page 79 we are told that "God would not interfere with that freedom of will which he had bestowed; whilst whoever consults the experience even of his own past life, must know that when vice and virtue come into close and intimate collision, vice is very rarely reclaimed, virtue almost always destroyed." This is truly, saving Mr. Gleig's reverence, a most damnable doctrine. It is advocating the supremacy of evil over good! It is as monstrous a paradox as ever reverend dialectician tipped his goose-quill with. If vice almost universally prevails over virtue, how comes it to pass that there is any virtue in the world? Will a vicious man always, or generally, seduce a virtuous man into vice, when they happen to collide? On the contrary, never! or only when there is in the heart of the latter a stronger tendency to vice than to virtue; but this is surely not the case with the generality of virtuous men.

We fear we shall be thought tiresome, but our duty is imperative; we therefore request the reader to turn to page 81; he will there read that "the translation of Enoch is indeed so stated in the book of Genesis, as to leave it doubtful how the fact ought to be received." We have upwards of a page much to the same purpose. But why all this ado about Enoch's translation? If Moses' words are obscure, those of St. Paul are plain enough, and he expressly asserts the fact. Now, if Elijah was stated, in plain terms, to have been translated, what difficulty can there be in believing that Enoch was before him? Besides, the Apostle has put the matter beyond a doubt; so that it would have been enough for the learned Editor of the National Library simply to have stated the fact without any superfluous declamation.

At page 95 it is said, "Moses informs us that the whole earth has been twice under water, at periods far distant indeed, but not of such extravagant antiquity as some poets and chronologists pretend, or as the theories of modern Deists require; and he adds, that it was, at both periods, laid dry by physical causes, under the immediate control of Almighty God."

Where does Moses tell us this? we should be glad to know. It would be but fair in Mr. Gleig to give us a reference on the margin of his purple-coated volume. As he has not done so, however, we beg leave, with all due deference to his theological learning and biblical research, to question his assertion. As he speaks of what we can nowhere find in our Bible, which is one published under authority, by the "Society for promoting Christian Knowledge;" we presume that Mr. Gleig's is one of his own editing, with additions and improvements.

Here we shall pause for the present. We have been the more particular in examining the first part of the Bible History, as it is the most important, and the most likely to be misrepresented by such rash sciolists as Mr. Gleig. We may resume our notice next week, when, if we do, we shall confine ourselves to the reverend Editor's most conspicuous errors, as our space will not permit us to notice a twentieth part of them, for they literally swarm in every page.

The Arrow and the Rose: with other Poems. By William Kennedy. 8vo. London, 1830. Smith, Elder & Co.

WILLIAM KENNEDY is well known to all lovers of true poetry as a bard of no common powers. His clever book, with a conceited title—the "Fitful Fancies"—contained innumerable passages of true and genuine poetry—not of that sweet, meek, and gentle kind, which is in such demand amongst our tender Annuals—but bold, masculine, and even audacious, such as makes an impression likely to endure. He is distinguished amongst the younger brethren of the "art unteachable untaught," by the manliness of his thoughts, the corresponding vigour of his language, and by an absence of all that affectation of extra-sensibility and surplus feeling which so many exhibit, who follow in the train of the muse. In this age of flowing numbers—of excess of melodiousness, in which all have the language of poetry, and few have its heat or fire, it is something more than merely pleasant to meet with a bold and a manly fellow on his way up Parnassus, beguiling the road with snatches of vigorous verse, in which the thoughts are at least as tall as the words. In the "Arrow and the Rose"—though he has, from the historical nature of the subject, indulged in a little more wear than we really like, and exhibited some sensibilities in which we cannot share, he has, nevertheless, amply justified our high opinion of his talents, and told a story which cannot miss but find many readers. Those gentlemen who desire to become acquainted with a meek and a beautiful creature crushed down by love, as a lily by excess of dew, will find a lady to their liking in this legend; and those ladies who wish for an opportunity to exercise their satiric tongues concerning the insincerity of man, will find ample room and verge enough in the "Arrow and the Rose." We will let the poet's book tell the secret of the story.

In the following description the representative of the Arrow is introduced. The poet seems to have taken up the common materials of human nature, and saying unto himself, "Go to, I shall make out of these a consummate hero," produced this "stripling of the Bearnese hills." The skill with which he has modelled his figure is very great: we say unto all youths with "hair of hapless red," rejoice; for see how elegantly they may all look, if judiciously treated.

Against a pleasant cheamut tree,
A youth, not yet sixteen, was leaning,
A goodly bow he had, though he
Inclined not to their archery,
But with a look of meaning,
A wayward smile, just half-obscured,
Apart the sylvan pastime viewed,
His careless cap, his garments gray,
His fingers strong—his clear brown cheek
And hair of hapless red, you'd say
A mountain lad did speak—
A stripling of the Bearnese hills,
Reared hardy among rocks and rills;
But his rude garb became him well,
His gold locks softly curling fell;
His face with soul was eloquent,
His features delicately bent;
And freely did his quick glance roam,
As one who felt himself at home,
Where'er a warrior's weapon gleamed,
Or the glad eye of beauty beamed.

"What loitering thus, hope of Guenne!"
Cried Guise's duke, advancing near
The boy's retreat,—"A wondering man
Am I to find you here!
The fiery steed brooks not the stall,
When hound and horn to greenwood call;

And howman bold will chafe to be
 Restrained from his artillerie.
 My liage impatient is to learn
 Where hides the merry Prince of Bearne!"

The representative of the Rose is drawn with great delicacy and modest beauty. Her character is diffused over the poem as the scent of a flower is through the neighbouring air, and we cannot pretend, without tearing the finer nerves of the narrative, to give any thing like a correct notion of this lady of the hand of the lily. Something may be gathered from the following lines:—

The daisy's neatness in her dress;
 The lily's chasteness in her air;
 As fresh a germ of loveliness
 Was the dear maid, as e'er
 Yielded a breast of ruddy hue
 To sportive beam, or tender dew.
 What though no gem was seen to shine
 On locks like the autumnal vine—
 What though her gait its charm had drawn
 From gambols of the bounding fawn—
 What though her countenance displayed
 The russet apple's blended shade—
 Hers were the natural grace and glow
 Of health which merry warblers know,
 Ere for a cage they have exchanged
 The haunts where they in freedom ranged.

With a small pitcher in her hand,
 Humming a touching pastoral song,
 Some ancient ditty of the land—
 Fleurette oft tripped along.

Turn we from a tale of ill-requited love and an untimely grave to the lesser poems of this little beautiful volume—lesser only because shorter, for they are distinguished by uncommon merit. That heart is not worth the wearing which refuses to beat almost audibly on reading "The Forsaken." Only see how plainly, how simply, and poetically, the author discusses a topic which every father and mother must feel is wisely and mercifully handled.

The Forsaken.

They snatched her from the turbid stream,
 Where downward she had wildly sprung;
 And by the lantern's midnight gleam,
 They saw that she was young.
 That she was young and had been fair,
 Ere won and wedded by despair—
 Ere that grim lord had crowned his cup
 With Hope's last drops, and drunk it up—
 Urging her headlong forth to close
 Existence and its countless woes.

And when her soul returned to light,
 And kindness rude revived her frame,
 They asked her why she did that night
 The frenzied act of shame.
 To her now dim and hollow eyes,
 Silent and thick the tear drops rise;
 A fever spot illumines her cheek,
 Her thin pale lips seem loath to speak;
 At length without or sob or sigh,
 Reproachfully she did reply.

"Why did I that? 'Tis easier told
 Than what to-morrow I shall do;
 Since I've been fated to behold
 This world once more through you.
 Why did I that? What could be done,
 By her who sheltering place had none?
 A girl without the name of friends,
 Save those who came for basest ends:
 I did not seek Death's dismal gate
 Until I could no longer wait!

"There is a church-yard in the West,
 With shrubs and wild flowers overgrown;
 There my beloved parents rest
 Beneath a moss-green stone;
 I will not do their ashes shame,
 In this strange place to breathe their name;
 Enough, they died long since—that I,
 Last of a hapless family,
 Trusting to honesty and Heaven,
 For bread to this great town was driven.

"And how I strove that bread to gain,
 God and my broken spirit know!
 And how I sought for it in vain,
 A wasted form can show!
 And how I left no art untied,
 That innocence might use to pride,

For leave to win, with unstained hand,
 A morsel in my Native Land;
 And how all this was thrown away,
 Let London's stony bosom say!

"Ah, me! I suffered much and long,
 In health, and strength, and temper worn;
 I thought no sun consumed with wrong
 Deserved to be so torn:
 Spring, summer, autumn, cheerless past—
 Forth swept the cutting winter-blast;
 Doomed in life's May with want to pine,
 Daily to feel my powers decline;
 I raised to Heaven a fervent prayer,
 To finish pangs too keen to bear.

"I prayed unheard, still lingered on
 Gleaning a respite from the grave;
 And as my last sad stay was gone,
 Came one who vowed to save:
 He spoke so soft, he looked so mild,
 So like a father to his child,
 That I unlocked my stores of grief,
 Already conscious of relief;
 And Hope arose, as from the tomb,
 And shone an angel through the gloom.

"Black be the memory of the time
 Which brought me to that ruffian's door!
 I heard his false lip lure to crime,
 Fled and returned no more.
 December's shadows drear and dim,
 Were round me when I rushed from him;
 I seemed with sudden vigour braced,
 As on from street to street I paced,
 Like some much-looked-for messenger,
 Hurrying—alas! I knew not where!

"It is not in my power to tell
 How long that tempest of the mind
 Whirled me before it—when it fell,
 It left far worse behind:
 The step-dame Earth showed nought to me
 But woe, or, or nameless infamy;
 And something whispered—better give
 Thy Maker back thy breath, than live
 A few more miserable days,
 In anguish, or pollution's ways.

"I stood upon a stately bridge
 Where Grief and Guilt alike repair—
 And leaning o'er its granite ridge,
 Implored forgiveness there—
 Forgiveness at the Mercy seat,
 That I should rather dare to meet,
 Uncalled, the Almighty's righteous eye,
 Than tax the World's humanity;
 Then crept I to a dusky spot—
 And—farther, I remember not."

Her tale was told. Though used to scenes
 Which harden pity's source—even they,
 Law's dull officials—left no means
 Untried that in them lay.
 To cheer the creature desolate,
 Who by their watch-fire shivering sat;
 And morning brought, with ways and will
 To shelter her from future ill,
 A friend—through whom she soon obtained
 The home where she has since remained.

She smiles contented now; but Powers
 Of Justice and of Goodness, speak—
 Declare—if in this land of ours,
 'Tis fitting that the weak
 And pure of soul, should thus be thrown
 On the rough sea of chance, alone,
 Dashed between black alternatives;
 While Folly in profusion lives,
 While Fashion's minions wealth abuse,
 And their own peace in splendour lose!

We must leave the remaining poems of this volume, and hasten to the nine songs with which it concludes. There are many song-writers in this land, and some of high degree—Scott, and Campbell, and Moore, for instance; and even we ourselves in the green leaf of our youth indited some dozen or so of lyrics, which are not yet forgotten. We feel that it is not every bardling who can write—not a true lyric—for that is a flight above most men's power—but words which shall echo the music as truly as a dancer's foot beats time to the fiddle. He who shall write such a song must have his heart and soul under the influence of the music, else he can only put words harmoniously together, which neither man, woman, nor child, can sing. Song requires dancing words, and music must have speaking strings. The best of Kennedy's songs are the longest: we shall make room for a short one first.

O princely is the Baron's hall.

"O princely is the Baron's hall,
 And bright his lady's bower!
 And none may wed their eldest son,
 Without a royal dower;
 If such, my peerless maid, be thine,
 Then place thy dainty hand in mine."

"A cot beside the old oak tree;
 The woodbine's pleasant flower—
 Free thoughts, and an unspotted name,
 Sir Knight, are all my dower:
 Thy gold spur and thy milk-white steed,
 May bear thee where thou'lt better speed."

Now, by the ruby of thy lip,
 The sapphire of thine eye,
 The guarded treasures of thy breast—
 We part not company!
 A sire's domain—a mother's pride—
 Demand—deserve—no wealthier bride!"

He writes better where he has more room. The following should be sung in bower and hall: it is too poetic for the stage—words of any kind will do, where sounds can only be heard.

The Bold Lover.

For years I adored thee,
 But hope had I none,
 That e'er thy proud father
 Would brook such a son.
 If my hand sent no token,
 My lip made no sign,
 To picture my passion—
 The fault was not mine!

I've watched thee unwearied,
 In greenwood and hall—
 Unseen by thy kindred
 Thy wooers and all;
 Though men cried—a marvel!—
 I worshipped thee where
 The knees of the holy
 Were bending in prayer.

I've looked to thy window
 In stillness of night,
 And longed for the wings of
 The happy moonlight.
 It flew to thy chamber,
 And slept on thy brow,
 Enraptured by thy beauty—
 As I, sweet, am now!

In secret I burned
 For moment like this,
 To know if my portion
 Be torture or bliss;
 'Tis speaking a word—and
 Our meeting is o'er—
 'Tis speaking a word—and
 We part never more!

To win thy gray father,
 I've no patch of earth;
 To match thy high brothers,
 I've no musty birth.
 Let the rich call me beggar,
 The titled a churl—
 My blade is as true as
 The sword of an Earl.

Thou shalt not lack honour,
 Thou shalt not need land,
 While there's wit in this head,
 Or strength in this hand.
 And better than jewels,
 Or old pedigree,
 Sole Queen of my bosom
 Enthroned thou shalt be!

My steed grows impatient,
 And paws at the gate;
 He frets for bright moments
 That fly as we wait.
 He tells me ere morning,
 Far, far must I ride,
 To lead to the altar
 A fugitive Bride.

One word at parting. Kennedy can write much better poetry than he has yet written. He must not be afraid. Be bold—be bold: we say again—be bold. Let him not chain nature up. This volume is most beautifully printed; and, what is better, it is inscribed to William Motherwell, a man of uncommon genius—little known on this side of the Tweed—but who will be heard of for centuries on both, if he but give us a volume of his maritime ballads.

The Heiress of Bruges: a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred. By T. C. Grattan. 4 vols. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

If we trouble our old friends with a little "iteration," we trust they will excuse us. Thanks to the liberal press of England, which has done and is doing us so much good service, we have many subscribers, to whom Mr. Pickersgill's letter of the 24th of August, and all accompanying circumstances, will be a novelty. We must therefore revert to the facts. It is now generally known that the *Literary Gazette* is the property of the great Publishers, and that Mr. Colburn is a large shareholder; and it happens by some extraordinary accident, that Mr. Colburn's works are therein reviewed, and generally with extravagant commendation, before they are published—before any independent Paper can obtain a sight of them; the consequence, the accidental consequence no doubt, is, that orders are received for these "interesting," "admirable,"—"shrewd, brilliant, clever" volumes, before our country friends can possibly hear one independent and honest opinion about them. Now, we happened incidentally to speak of a review of "The Heiress of Bruges," before the *Literary Gazette* had done its dull dutiful service, or the work was published—the whole rookery was in agitation—and after consultations and legal opinions, we were served with the following, by the clerk of the worthy publisher:—

"Tuesday, 24th August, 1830.
"Sir,—I am desired and duly authorized to acquaint you that the publication of Mr. Grattan's work, 'The Heiress of Bruges,' will not take place for several weeks; and you will, therefore, be pleased to postpone your review of it till the proper time, of which due notice will be given you.
I am, Sir,

For Mr. Grattan,
Your most obedient Servant,
J. PICKERSGILL."

Of course we obeyed—wondering at the blindness of that passion, which could lead the parties to expose so openly the mysteries of the system. But we did obey, and thought that in common decency, with their pledged word on record, we should have the "due notice." Not so;—the first we had was a commendatory criticism of five columns in their *Literary Gazette*! Thus, and by such means they got the start of us. Be it so; but we tell them, this simple statement will do the system more injury than a dozen of our commentaries on it—they are stripping it bare, and exposing it in all its disgusting deformity, which we dare not do. Enough of such folly.

Now to our review of Mr. Grattan's work, of which not one word will be altered in consequence. We know nothing of publishers or authors, of friends or enemies, when called on to speak critically of books. We may err in our judgments, but they will be honest. Puffing and praising have done their best and worst heretofore—this paper is established to ascertain what truth will do.

Mr. Grattan is undoubtedly a clever man—but, as we noticed last week, it is not every clever man that can write a good novel—and few novels will repay us for the exhausting labour of wading through four volumes. Mr. Grattan's, too, is an historical novel, and historical novels are apt to be wearisome. He has, however, laboured hard at his work, and so have we. But, notwithstanding an intimate acquaintance with the history

and manners of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—notwithstanding the stirring events and picturesque circumstances of which he has judiciously availed himself—notwithstanding the merit to which he is fairly entitled, of a good and interesting plot, the author has failed to please and interest his reader, by one single and pervading fault—overworking. There are good scenes—well-drawn characters—but all overwrought; and the novel itself is wiredrawn: there is nothing to excuse the fourth volume except the 200*l.* which he received for it. The Burgomaster of Bruges is forcibly drawn, and well brought out in the first part of the story; the character of Beatrice, an unwilling inmate of a convent, is interesting and original, though a little extravagant; the character of Trovaldo, the Spanish Governor of Bruges, is well conceived, and with that of Gaspar, his slave, and Sederic, his rival and enemy, is vigorously sketched. There are various scenes in the work of considerable power and felicity; yet does the author's constant tendency to overcharge everything—to be great and gorgeous upon the most trifling occasions—to imitate Sir Walter, and aggravate all his faults—to be mouthing, and romantic, and extravagant, without regard to truth or nature—to show off his Flemish reading to the utmost point of pedantry, and to spin artificial dialogue out of all time and season,—weary those who are the most ready to give him credit for talent, and for considerable talent. There are few of those touches of nature in Mr. Grattan's work, that strike home to the heart; and the constant ambition of the author for high romance, and the effective and picturesque, gives his descriptions in general an air of gorgeous confusion, which is the very reverse of graphic, and which, taking no hold of the fancy of the reader, becomes wearisome and appears bombastic. During the siege, which is carried on through the greater part of two volumes, the head of the unfortunate reader is so confused with firing of culverins, sorties, prodigies of valour, bustle and confusion,

Guns, drums, trumpet, blunderbuss and thunder, that he becomes perfectly bewildered, and is glad to escape at all hazards. But we are falling into Mr. Grattan's error, and becoming a little too elaborate. We shall therefore conclude by an opinion, that the first and second volumes will well repay the reader—and that the reader will think he has repaid Mr. Grattan, by digging his way through the third and fourth.

Second Preliminary Dissertation to the Seventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. By Sir James Mackintosh.

[Second Notice.]

In our former notice we attempted a general, though brief review, of Sir James Mackintosh's peculiarities as a writer. We shall now proceed to give an account of the Dissertation before us.

Sir James commences with a reiteration of the complaint, which moral inquirers have, in all ages, been accustomed to make, as to the unsuitableness of the language of common life for the expression of those shades of meaning which it is their object to fix and classify. He then proceeds, in what he terms preliminary observations, to point out a source of confusion to the great majority of ethical inquirers—viz. the distinction that ought to be kept in view, between

the elements of right and wrong in human conduct—and the elements of those feelings with which right and wrong are contemplated,—between a *criterion of morality*, in short, and a *theory of moral sentiments*. This distinction, on which Sir James lays the greatest stress, was, he afterwards admits, first clearly pointed out by Dr. Brown.

Then follow brief retrospects of ancient and scholastic ethics, but, though there are some curious features in the details, these abstracts offer little to attract the attention of general readers. The mention of Grotius introduces us to the modern ethical schools. Grotius is a favourite with Sir James, and full justice is done to his merits. The next name in the order of time, is Hobbes—a man, to whose transcendent powers of intellect Sir James, in his most laudatory mood, would scarce be able to render more than due praise. "The dogmatism of Hobbes," says Sir James in conclusion, "was, however unjustly, one of the sources of his fame. The founders of systems deliver their novelties with the undoubting spirit of discoverers; and their followers are apt to be dogmatical, because they can see nothing beyond their own ground. It might seem incredible, if it were not established by the experience of all ages, that those who differ most from the opinions of their fellow men, are most confident of the truth of their own. But it commonly requires an overweening conceit of the superiority of a man's own judgment, to make him espouse very singular notions; and when he has once embraced them, they are endeared to him by the hostility of those, whom he contemns as the prejudiced vulgar."

Now, we must remark that if the results of meditation acquire value from its duration and intensity, the peculiarity alluded to is not strange at all. When men habitually borrow their opinions from their fellow men, the successive loans may comprehend the most contradictory doctrines. But on thinkers, the greater number of the opinions of their adoption, cannot in the nature of things, exercise so much influence, as opinions, the offspring of their own intellect, and those propositions—whether they shall be ultimately classed as paradoxes, or hailed as original truths, must be peculiarly referable to the intellect of the individual—which differ most from the conclusions of preceding or contemporary inquirers.

The writings of Hobbes were followed by controversies as to the existence and nature of the moral faculties and the social affections—controversies, which for more than half a century raged in every quarter of the philosophical world. The principal combatants were Cumberland, Cudworth, Clarke, Shaftesbury, Bossuet, Fenelon, Leibnitz, Malebranche, Edwards, Buffier; and of these, in the order we have named, Sir James proceeds to give a brief account.

The estimate of Cudworth appears to us just, and extremely well written. The system of Dr. Clarke sprung to a certain extent from that of Cudworth; and the exposition of its peculiarities with which Sir James Mackintosh has favoured us, seems a sound one, but liable to the drawback of being borrowed without acknowledgment from Dr. Brown.

We must hasten over Sir James's estimates of the modern-antique systems, which were contemporaneous, or rose into repute, immediately after that of Dr. Clarke. There is truth and delicacy in the notices of Leibnitz and Edwards, and considerable power in the dissertation on the defects of Butler's theory. Berkeley's merits are skillfully enumerated. To Hume's, equal justice is done, but in a more elaborate style. This part of the dissertation, by the way, appeared many years ago in the *Edinburgh Review*;—still, however, it will bear reprinting. Smith follows next in order; and the account given of his ethical writings, though the

arguments here urged are not altogether new, appears to us, a fair one. Hartley is a favourite with Sir James—but we do not think that his merits are exaggerated. Paley, on the contrary, seems to us to be greatly overrated. The remarks on Tucker are graphic and pleasing.

The name of Bentham opens a field of discussion more interesting to the greater number of readers of this dissertation, abounding as it does in difficulties, and undecided questions. The following sketch is curious, at any rate: "The disciples of Bentham are more like the hearers of an Athenian philosopher than the pupils of a modern professor, or the cool proselytes of a modern writer. They are in general men of competent age, and superior understanding, who voluntarily embrace the laborious study of useful and noble sciences, who derive their opinions not so much from the cold perusal of his writings, as from familiar converse with a master from whose lips these opinions are recommended by simplicity, disinterestedness, originality, and vivacity; aided, rather than impeded by foibles not unamiable, enforced of late by the growing authority of years and of fame, and at all times strengthened by that undoubting reliance on his own judgment, which mightily increases the ascendancy of such a man over those who approach him. As he and they deserve the credit of braving vulgar prejudices, so they must be content to incur the imputation of falling into the neighbouring vices, of seeking distinction by singularity; of clinging to opinions because they are obnoxious; of wantonly wounding the most respectable feelings of mankind; of regarding an immense display of method and nomenclature as a sure token of a corresponding increase of knowledge; and of considering themselves as a chosen few, whom an initiation into the most secret mysteries of philosophy entitles to look down with pity, if not with contempt, on the profane multitude. Viewed with aversion or dread by the public, they become more bound to each other and to their master; while they are provoked into the use of language which more and more exasperates opposition to them. A hermit in the greatest of cities—seeing only his disciples, and indignant that systems of government and law, which he believes to be perfect, are disregarded at once by the many of the powerful,—Mr. Bentham has at length been betrayed into the most unphilosophical hypothesis that all the ruling bodies who guide the community have conspired to stifle and defeat his discoveries. He is too little acquainted with doubts to believe the honest doubts of others, and he is too angry to make allowance for their prejudices and habits. He has embraced the most extreme party in practical politics; manifesting more dislike and contempt towards those who are more moderate supporters of popular principles than towards their most inflexible opponents. To the unpopularity of his philosophical and political doctrines, he has added the more general and lasting obloquy which arises from an unseemly treatment of doctrines and principles, which, if there were no other motives for reverential deference, even a regard to the feelings of the best men requires to be approached with decorum and respect."

On the substantial truth or falsehood of Sir James's charges against Mr. Bentham's philosophy and its tendencies, we have no desire to express an opinion. But why, may we be permitted to ask, does Sir James inveigh against *system* when treating of Bentham and Hobbes? In reference to the latter, we were told, that "a genius for system cramps the growth of knowledge," and Bacon's observation, that "method carrying a show of total and perfect knowledge, has a tendency to generate acquiescence," is quoted with applause. Yet in a previous part of this dissertation, Sir James alludes to "system" in a very different strain: "It is easy to conceive," he re-

mains, an "exhaustive analysis of human knowledge, and a consequent division of it into parts corresponding to all the classes of objects to which it relates: a representation of that vast edifice, containing a picture of what is finished, a sketch of what is building, and even a conjectural outline of what, though required by completeness and convenience, as well as symmetry, is yet altogether untouched. A system of names might also be imagined," &c. (p. 295); and this great achievement, we are told, is "reserved for a second Bacon and a future generation." System—method—a new nomenclature, we may learn from this, are excellent things in the hands of Bacon, though infinitely reprehensible when employed by Hobbes and Bentham.

Dugald Stewart's name follows Mr. Bentham's; and the account given of that amiable philosopher's life and writings is extremely interesting.

Thomas Brown closes the illustrious list. Of his metaphysical system, Sir James scarcely attempts to give an estimate. He does not, in truth, appear to be acquainted with it;—a conclusion, warranted not merely by internal evidence, but by the apologetic sentiments with which he prefaces his brief notice of this, the greatest of metaphysicians. "A writer, as he advances in life, ought to speak with diffidence of systems, which he had only begun to consider with care after the age in which it becomes hard for his thoughts to flow into new channels. A reader cannot be said practically to understand a theory, till he has acquired the power of thinking, at least for a short time, with the theorist. Even a hearer, with all the helps of voice in the instructor, of countenance from him and from fellow-hearers, finds it difficult to perform this necessary process without either being betrayed into hasty and undistinguishing assent, or falling, while he is in pursuit of an impartial estimate of opinions, into an indifference about their truth. I have felt this difficulty in reconsidering ancient opinions."

We had intended to point out at some length the gross injustice to Dr. Brown, of which Sir James has been guilty, through ignorance, perhaps, of his metaphysical system, (though with his *ethical*, Sir James has made himself tolerably familiar); but we deem it better, as it is certainly more gratifying, to quote the following tribute to that amiable philosopher's worth:—

"The character of Dr. Brown is very attractive, as an example of one in whom the utmost tenderness of affection, and the indulgence of a flowery fancy, were not repressed by the highest cultivation, and by a perhaps excessive refinement of intellect. His mind soared and roamed through every region of philosophy and poetry; but his untravelled heart clung to the hearth of his father, to the children who shared it with him, and after them, first to the other partners of his childish sports, and then almost solely to those companions of his youthful studies who continued to be the friends of his life. Speculation seemed to keep his kindness at home. It is observable, that, though sparkling with fancy, he does not seem to have been deeply or durably touched by those affections which are lighted at its torch, or at least tinged with its colours. His heart sought little abroad, but contentedly dwelt in his family and in his study. He was one of those men of genius, who repaid the tender care of a mother by rocking the cradle of her reposing age."

The dissertation concludes with a brief account of the philosophical systems of Germany.

It can scarcely be necessary for us to repeat our opinion of the general merits of this work. With many attractions of style and manner, and abounding, as it does, in learning and research, there seems to us much to censure, in the tone, which it occasionally assumes. Its highest value, indeed, will, we think, be found

to consist, in the stimulus, which it is fitted to impart, to the rational curiosity of its readers—not in the conclusions to which it introduces us, or the analytic processes by which these are attained. As a whole, however, it will prove deeply interesting to the very limited number who have not yet ceased to take an interest in that department of philosophy, on which the reputation of English thinkers rested almost exclusively, for several generations.

The Secret Revealed of the Authorship of Junius's Letters. By James Falconar, jun. esq. London, 1830. Holdsworth & Ball.

ANOTHER attempt to unravel the mystery which for more than half a century has shrouded the author of *Junius*! The ambition of literary purveyors for all that is "dark, deep, and marvellous," has long feasted with greedy appetite on every shadowy circumstance that could possibly be tortured into a connexion with the great "unrevealed one." The pride of family, the ties of kindred and of friendship, the affections of critical conceit, and last, but not least, the paramount interest of publishers, have alike instigated unavailing inquiry, that has served only to engender literary feuds, and perpetuate doubt. Francis, Sackville, Hamilton, Burke, and Boyd,

"All in their turn have had their tithes of talk;"

while the claims of Horne Tooke have not been overlooked in this literary voyage of discovery. In America, the latter has found a determined advocate in a small gentleman, some threescore years old, a *soi-disant* doctor of laws, who walks with a gold-headed cane, ever and anon presents you with a richly enamelled snuff-box, talks large, and of nothing else, and has succeeded in persuading brother Jonathan that the said John Horne Tooke, when living, was no other than the real, palpable, substantial Junius himself, and that the portentous motto, "*Stat nominis umbra*," is all catch-penny and rhodomontade. But to the work before us. It endeavours to set the question of authorship at rest, by placing a Mr. Wray, otherwise unknown to fame, in situations that necessarily made him acquainted or connected with the transactions that form the subjects of *Junius's Letters*. His intimacy with Lord Hardwicke is supposed to have given rise to the letters addressed by Junius to the Earl of Chatham, because between these noblemen there existed some jealousies and disagreements; and this fact, aided by the circumstance of his filling an office of trust under the former, is made to explain the great knowledge of passing events displayed throughout by Junius. The same arguments are adduced respecting the letters written in defence of the Duke of Portland, who was in some way connected with Wray by marriage. In short, the whole of the arguments in favour of Wray, turn upon a sort of probable presumption, arising from a fortunate, but we think, accidental concatenation of facts. It appears that the enmities of Junius belonged equally to Wray; and that the latter, from the nature of his office and the character of his friends, was likely to possess those facilities of information, the wonderful extent of which in the *Letters of Junius*, forms no inconsiderable difficulty in the way of ascertaining the true author, and which has contributed, as much as the classic elegance of their composition, to excite the curiosity and astonishment of the world. The arguments in support of Mr. Wray's claims are supported by the same species of evidence which marks all the works we have upon the subject, and are therefore entitled, to a certain extent, to the attention of the literary public. Direct proof is beyond our reach, or the question long before this late day would have been satisfactorily disposed of; in its absence, circumstantial testimony alone has by

necessity been made to form the pillar of each successive candidate's elevation to the fame of the authorship. We may probably consider this work, which has but just come into our hands, more in detail on some future occasion.

The Journal of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. No. 1. London, 1830. Murray.

BRANDE'S "Quarterly Journal of Science" is no more,—in its place has appeared another, published under the special auspices of the Royal Institution: this is as it should be, and indeed ought to have been long since. With the exception of the "Philosophical Transactions," (for those of the Society of Arts can hardly come under the denomination) we have not, to our shame be it spoken, any periodical work published, like those on the continent, under the sanction of a public body, exclusively devoted to original communications on philosophical subjects. In the department of medicine and surgery, there is not this deficiency: we have the Transactions of the Royal College of Physicians (a volume of which, by the bye, we have not seen for some time), and those of the "Medico-Chirurgical," besides others, from which the profession have derived considerable advantages; why, then, should not the other branches of science meet with an equal degree of attention?

Men of learning, have for some time looked with regret on this hiatus in literature; and it should seem that under the impression of such feelings, the managers of the Royal Institution have laid the foundation of the present journal, at the same time conforming with the seventeenth chapter of their bye-laws, in which it is required that "The managers of the Institution shall cause to be published from time to time, and if possible at regular intervals, Journals of the Royal Institution; and these journals shall contain such reports of the committees, such original communications from the members and others, as the managers may think worthy of public attention, and such abstracts from the Transactions of learned Societies at home and abroad, and notices of discoveries, that may be thought likely to diffuse science and render it of practical utility: the selection of papers, the form of publication, and the manner of distribution or sale, shall be at the discretion of the managers." We are given to understand, however, that the committee do not consider themselves responsible for the certainty of the facts, or the propriety of the reasonings contained in these papers; but in the abstracts and translations from the Transactions of literary and scientific bodies, experiments, which admit of verification, will be repeated by the professor in the Institution to whose department they may appertain, and will thus receive additional importance from their sanction.

Among the valuable and interesting papers of this number, is the first of a series on the Physiology of Vision, by Mr. Charles Wheatstone, a man high in the scientific world, and who has imparted both pleasure and instruction at the *conversazioni* in Albemarle Street, by his illustrative experiments on the theory of phonics, particularly in that branch of the science which relates to the transmission of musical sounds through solid conductors. In these papers, he intends giving successively an account of the discoveries of Purkinje, Goethe, Mile, Müller, Plateau, &c. whose interesting experiments on vision are almost, if not entirely, unknown in this country.

We feel great inclination to extract some of the beautiful experiments mentioned by Mr. Wheatstone, several of which we have ourselves verified, particularly that most singular one, where the blood-vessels of the retina, with all their ramifications, greatly magnified, are distinctly see

projected, as it were, on a plane without the eye, but our limits do not unfortunately at this period admit of it; we must therefore refer our readers to the paper. Mr. Faraday has a valuable paper "On the Limits of Vaporization," and Mr. Rennie one, "On the Cleanliness of Animals," in which he advances some new and plausible ideas respecting the nature and habits of the larva of the female glow-worm. The foreign and miscellaneous intelligence comprises much that is new both in mechanical and chemical science, and in the department of natural history; a study, which we are happy to say, is at the present time, much cultivated in this country.

The Winter's Wreath, for 1831. London, Whitaker & Co.; Liverpool, G. Smith.

THIS, though a Winter's Wreath, is full of sweet flowers. We have Mrs. Hemans, and Archdeacon Wrangham, Dr. Bowring, Miss Jewsbury, J. H. Wiffen, Hartley Coleridge, Thomas Roscoe, and twenty others, gracing the volume with contributions. We have not room, at present, to be very critical, or to extract largely; but shall select as a specimen of its poetry,

A Farewell to Abbotsford.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Home of the gifted! fare thee well,
And a blessing on thee rest
While the heather waves its purple bell
O'er moss and mountain crest;
While stream to stream around thee calls,
And banks with broom are drest,
Glad be the harping in thy halls—
A blessing on thee rest!

While the high voice, from thee sent forth,
Bids rock and cairn reply,
Wakening the spirits of the North,
Like a chieftain's gathering cry:
While its deep master-tones hold sway,
As a king's, o'er every breast,
Home of the Legend and the Lay!
A blessing on thee rest.

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower!
Long honours to thy line!
And hearts of proof, and hands of power,
And bright names worthy thine!
By the merry step of childhood still
May thy free sword be prest!
—While one proud pulse in the land can thrill,
A blessing on thee rest!

The following, by Mary Howitt, is full of tenderness and feeling:—

The Mother.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Happy woman, who hast bound
Love within a magic round
Of home duties, and the ties
Of thy true heart's sympathies!
What to thee is daily care,
Early waking, homely fare,
Arduous toil and watchings late—
What?—Thy being's useful state,
That which makes thee what thou art,
Beautiful, and pure of heart!
God hath given thee to fulfil
Duties: and thy cheerful will
Doeth well the part assigned:
And thy days of labour hard
Bring abundant, rich reward;
Strength of body, peace of mind!

Woman, oft on such as thou,
With thy calm, maternal brow,
With thy heart, whose holy spring
Knows no wild disquieting,
Do I look, even with a sense
Of admiring reverence:
With a wish that I, like thee,
Had no restless yearnings fond
Towards what is our grasp beyond—
Had no eagle thought impelling
Onward, upward—that the welting
Of my soul's strong tide could be
Like thine own, a stream that flows
Ever, yet no tumult knows!

Blessing to the Power benign,
Who warms that mother's heart of thine,
And hath made thy soul's delight
Thine own children in thy sight,
And doth give, like morning dew,
The good thy spirit clings unto!

Blessing be to God! for he
Hath many mothers made like thee—
Many spirits, whose calm worth,
Like spring sunbeams on the earth,
Makes a bliss where'er it shine!

Go, thou happy one, and cast
Light thy children's home around:
Fame has nothing that can last
Like the peace thy heart has found!
Go, thou art not poor, though lowly,
Thy life's wealth is duty holy:
And the ceaseless joys that rise
From thy heart's warm charities,
These are better than the blind
Dreamings of a stronger mind!

As a fine specimen of the *curiosa felicitas* of expression, we were inclined to transfer into our pages Archdeacon Wrangham's translation of "The Butterfly was a Gentleman," but recollected that it appeared two years ago in the *London Weekly Review*, an independent paper of that day, which was bought up by Mr. Colburn, and then dropped.

There is, too, a clever critical Essay on Johnson and Burke, by Mr. Merritt, in that sober and unaffected style to which it is desirable that criticism should return: bad critics, we regret to say, keep pace with bad books—the blind leading the blind.

The "Reminiscences of Ackworth School," by William Howitt, is another very pleasant paper, from which much wholesome philosophy may be extracted, though there is none professedly in it. Nor must we forget "The Revenue," by Miss Jewsbury, written with her accustomed truth and power. But this is a very hasty and insufficient report; for which the pressure of other volumes must apologize.

Ancient History, English and French, exemplified in a regular Dissection of the Saxon Chronicle, &c. 12^{mo}. Hatchard and Son.

To all who are interested in the study of Saxon literature, we strongly recommend this work, which evinces a powerful spirit of critical inquiry and great research, with considerable learning and ingenuity. Yet the accomplished author has not declared his name—we feel, however, little hesitation in acquainting the lovers of Saxon antiquities that their obligations for the entertainment and instruction which they may derive from this excellent work, are due to Mr. English, a young lawyer. This gentleman has prefaced his Dissection of the Saxon Chronicle, with a review of Wharton's "Utrum Elfricus Grammaticus?" of Malmesbury's "Life of Saint Wulstan," and of the "Peterborough History" of Hugo Candidus—and in these prefatory reviews the principal Saxon annalists are now (for the first time) identified.

Modern Medicine influenced by Morbid Anatomy: an Oration delivered at the fifty-seventh Anniversary of the Medical Society of London: also an Apology for Medical Nomenclature. By Leonard Stewart, M.D. &c. London, 1830.

THIS is a very unpretending examination of the complexities attending the phenomena of disease, and of the various means by which the nearest approach to certainty in investigation may be attained, to the end of rendering the treatment more rational and efficient. The author's previous writings have shown him to be a philanthropic and judicious observer, and the present brief essay shows him well acquainted with the various bearings of the subject which he has discussed.

Albert; or, the Lord's Prayer Exemplified. A Swiss Tale in Verse. London, 1830. Seguin. THE idea of this little work is good, and it will have an interest with young people, for whose use it is designed. The writer would have acted more judiciously by omitting the political nonsense.

Publii Virgilii Maronis Opera; Notis ex Editione Heyniana excerptis illustrata; accedit Index Mattairianus. London, 1830. Pickering.

A very useful volume, either for sons or fathers; strong and cheap enough for a school book, and handsome enough for our own library shelves.

LINES ON PLACING IN MY HOUSE MY
MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

BY T. ATKINSON.

My Mother!—Blessings on that art divine,
Which makes again thy much-loved presence
mine—

Not only in the visions that pass by
The waking fix'dness of my mental eye—
(There thou hast ever had the honoured place
Which now awaits this shadow of thy face),
But in a guise that for a time can stay
The hand which writes on everything, "Decay";
Which even on thee hath tracked the prints of
woe,

And made young sorrow's furrows deeper show.
O Mother of my heart!—even as thou art here,
But limned on canvas—thou art passing dear;
And thus I welcome thee, to grace the home
Which thou should'st ne'er have, wayward, wan-
dered from.

—No more of this! regret itself may cease,
If distance calm our sorrows into peace;
And now, where thy loved semblance hath its
place,

There will I oftener turn my brightening face;
Yea, too, when prisoned grief breaks forth in
sighs,

Bend the moist gazing of my longing eyes:
Smile on me then, my mother, even as now,
And steel the shadows from my wrinkled brow.
I will—I have forgot thou e'er didst frown—
The canvas and my heart the thought disown:
Ah! could I too forget with that which was,
How oft my fiery passions gave thee cause!
Now thou wilt only smile upon thy boy,
With all that's left thy widowed heart of joy.
How small that portion is, they only know,
Who've traced thy virtuous life through one
long woe,

Whose bitterness lay near the stream's young
source—

What wonder then it poisoned all its course?
Yet as that rolls, methinks 'twill flow more clear,
And thine be recompense—nay joy—even here;
For retribution, that remains with Heaven—
Be they who wronged, by God, as thee, for-
given!

And (I too paint, and I say my pictures be
As like what will be, as this to thee!)
Lo! thy fair locks to honoured whiteness
blanched,

But yet thine eye's intelligence unquenched,
Lapped in the comforts of a green old age,
I hear thy fluent speech calm down to sage,
While round thee cluster, branching from "The
Bough,"

The only one the tree will send forth now.
O couldst thou live till round some son of mine
The wreath I ne'er myself can win might twine,
Then would I lay thine honoured head in dust,
With but the pang of parting with the just!
But should this soothing picture melt away,
And all that skill thus shows be turned to clay,
Then, oh! my Mother! how my bursting heart
Will daily bless the love-inspired art
Which gives the image to the earthly eye,
Of all that God hath gathered to the sky.
I love thy likeness, Mother, as 'tis here,
But then I shall thy very shade revere;—
Yet oh! may it be long before this head
Is treasured as a relic of the dead!

Glasgow, September 1830.

THE MOON'S RAYS.

THE sun's rays, as is well known, consist of three distinct species viz. rays of heat, rays of light, and deoxidizing rays, the latter being so named, from their influence in separating oxygen from its combinations. The rays of light are again separable by the prism into several rays, all varying in colour from each other, the red ray on the one hand, and the violet on the other, forming the opposite extreme edges of the rainbow fan into which the sun's light is refracted by the prism—the red ray being the *least* refrangible, and the violet ray the *most* so. In the focus of the red ray the heating rays are most intense; while, on the contrary, the deoxidizing rays are most intense in the focus of the violet ray—both the heating and deoxidizing rays diminishing in intensity on approximating to the centre of the rainbow fan, beyond which, the presence of either is but in a slight degree indicated by the usual tests. The sun's heating rays are not reflected back to the earth by the moon, while, on the contrary, the deoxidizing rays seem evidently to be so, in at least an equal degree with the rays of light, and to this I attribute the greater portion of the hitherto inexplicable phenomena produced by the moon on the surface of our planet. To the influence of the sun's deoxidizing rays is wholly or mainly referable, the extrication of oxygen from living vegetables, the ripening of fruits and grain, the tarnishing of colours, the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, and the extinguishing of combustion; for combustion, being simply a chemical union of oxygen with a combustible body, whatever counteracts that union must counteract or altogether extinguish combustion. The fact of the deoxidizing rays of the sun counteracting combustion, is so duly appreciated by the clearing parties in New South Wales, (though ignorant, of course, of the cause) that they invariably prefer the night-time for burning off the timber, finding that combustion proceeds then with infinitely greater intensity than during the day. Now, most of, if not all these effects, are produced in nearly as great, and often in a greater degree, by the moon's rays than by those of the sun, showing, that the sun's deoxidizing rays are reflected back to the earth by the moon equally with the rays of light. The finer colours of silks are tarnished by the moon's rays the same as by the sun's, fires are extinguished by the former the same as by the latter, the bleaching of linen proceeds even more rapidly in moon than in sun light, and the ripening of fruits and grain almost equally so, while meat and fish become more quickly putrescent in the moon's rays than in the sun's, a fact well known to all ship's stewards. The latter curious circumstance is explainable by our knowledge of oxygen being a constituent of almost all vegetable and animal bodies; therefore, whatever tends to separate this, must either materially alter or entirely destroy their substances. On new-killed meat being exposed to the sun's rays, its exterior is dried and hardened by the sun's heating rays, and a species of crust thus formed around it, guarding from the decomposing influence of the deoxidizing rays, like the tin cases enveloping preserved meats: the preservative effects of the pyroigneous and other acids being also referable to the hardened exterior crust produced. The moon's rays, however, being destitute of heat, no such protecting crust can be consequently formed, the meat and the fish exposed to them remaining in a soft *moist* state, and, therefore, more readily acted upon by the above rays—moisture being almost essential to animal and vegetable decomposition. The *moister* state of linen during the night than the day accounts in some measure also for bleaching being more rapid by moon than by sun light. It is a curious fact, as con-

nected with this, that linens bleach quicker when spread upon the green grassy sward, than when spread upon stones or hung upon rails. This is doubtless owing to the grass, like other vegetables, absorbing oxygen when screened from the influence of the deoxidizing rays, and thereby assisting the bleaching, by absorbing the oxygen of the colouring matter of the linen as fast as extricated by the above rays. Many metallic oxides and vegetable dyes, which, like living vegetables, have their oxygen separated from them by exposure to these rays, reabsorb the oxygen again when no longer so exposed. Hence, the pleasing surprise often experienced on examining our once shabby habiliments, after being deposited for weeks in the lumber chest, at finding them look again "almost as good as new," in consequence of the colouring matter of the dye reabsorbing in the dark the oxygen previously extricated from it by the sun's rays, on the presence of which oxygen in the colouring matter, its hue entirely depended. By our knowledge of the sun's deoxidizing rays being reflected back to our earth by the moon, we can readily explain the observation of the olden physicians, of intermittents and other diseases produced by vegetable putrefaction, being most prevalent during full moon, in consequence of the sun's direct deoxidizing rays and those indirectly reflected by the moon exerting a simultaneous influence, and, as is evident, a double power upon vegetable matter, and thus producing a more speedy decomposition thereof. Probably also the paroxysms of lunacy during full moon may be ascribed to the above greater vegetable decomposition at that period, lunatics being people of strong nervous susceptibility, consequently, strongly influenced by atmospheric changes. To what are we to attribute the curious anomaly of the sun's heating rays not being reflected back to us by the moon, equally with the luminous and deoxidizing rays? Can it be owing to the violet and other the *most* refrangible rays (in which the deoxidizing rays are most intense, from their equal refrangibility therewith), being reflected back to the earth by the moon, while the red and other the *least* refrangible rays (in which, for the same reason, the heating rays are most intense,) are not so reflected? If this surmise be correct, the lunar rainbow will be found destitute of the red ray of light. The softest and mildest of the sun's luminous rays are the violet and other the *most* refrangible rays, and therefore it may be in consequence of these rays only being reflected back to the earth by the moon, that moonlight is so soft and pleasing to the human eye. The dissolution of mists by the moon, has probably no connexion with what I refer to, being, doubtless, referable to her attractive powers. P. C.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRESLAU IN SILESIA.

[Extract from a Private Letter.]

THERE are now existing in Germany four Universities, all constituted in a manner which will scarcely be credited in your country. The first of these Universities is that at Breslau, which received its present form in the year 1810, when the Protestant University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder was united with the Catholic University, founded by the Jesuits in the capital of Silesia. Since that time, the present combined institution has possessed a double Theological Faculty, a Catholic and a Protestant one; the remaining three Faculties being similar to those in other Universities. This interesting example of religious toleration, was also introduced some years later by the Prussian government into the newly-founded Rhenish University at Bonn, and very soon imitated by that of Wurtemberg in its university at Tuebingen, and, two years ago, even by Austria in the ancient University of Vienna.

Since this measure has been adopted by Prussia, with the intention of uniting the studious youth of Silesia, which is inhabited by a nearly equal number of Catholics and Protestants in its finely situated capital, the University of Breslau has, year after year, seen an increase in the number of its frequenters, as well as in the importance of its literary and scientific collections and establishments. At the end of the year 1828, the number of students (all present) amounted to 1218, and at the same period last year, to 1254, among whom there were 276 Protestant, and 265 Catholic students of Theology, 270 students of Law, 211 of Medicine and Surgery, and 132 of Philosophy and Philology. The number of courses of lectures advertised and nearly all delivered by the different professors and teachers during the two terms composing last year, amounted to three hundred and fifty-nine, which will certainly astonish the reader accustomed to the meagre and arid catalogue of Lectures hitherto given in your high schools. This can only be explained by the custom of the German Universities, which have not merely a limited number of ordinary professors with appointments for every division and subdivision of the sciences, but also an unlimited and still greater one of extraordinary professors and private teachers subsisting from the fees of their hearers, whom they attract by compressing a mass of new and more special information into their lectures. These junior members of the University form a nursery, whence vacancies arising in the chairs of the different German and of some foreign Universities, are speedily and most advantageously supplied.

The Anatomical Museum of the University of Breslau is under the judicious and active superintendence of Professor Otto, who has just published an excellent manual of Pathological Anatomy; it amounts at present to nine thousand pathological and physiological preparations. The Botanic Garden has five thousand different species of plants in the glass-houses, and three thousand in the open air. The Zoological Museum was greatly augmented last year, and a fine collection of casts of ancient and modern sculptures has been presented by government to the Museum of the Arts.

1st Sept. 1830.

KING'S COLLEGE.

WE are gratified to hear by the official report, that the contractor is proceeding rapidly and satisfactorily with the buildings; that a portion is already covered in; and that it is expected the whole of the roofing will be completed before the close of the present year.

FINE ARTS IN THE PROVINCES.

WE are of opinion that the best possible means of encouraging Art is to awaken public attention and direct the public judgment. Art is not a mere luxury: a fine picture is not a piece of *bijouterie*, to be stowed away in my lady's boudoir, with Sevres china, buhl cabinets, Indian fans, and other fooleries. Art has its moral influence on a people. The first best thing then, in our judgment, is an Exhibition of works of Art. The metropolitan exhibitions do great good in the circle to which their influence extends; and provincial exhibitions will be serviceable in their degree. It has, therefore, given us great satisfaction to hear of their establishment in many places. But the good they may do is not direct, but consequential, and depends on the attention they awaken, and the judgments that are formed: here the press may be of infinite service. We regret that our provincial brethren are not sufficiently sensible of this; but it may awaken their attention, and strengthen the influence of their opinions when given, to let their townsmen know

that we think these exhibitions worthy of observation and commentary, and have, therefore, requested the opinion of a Correspondent upon

THE BIRMINGHAM EXHIBITION.

The "Society of Arts" in Birmingham was established in 1821. Sir Robert Peel is its President; their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria (during their recent visit to the town) became its Patronesses; and it numbers some forty or fifty peers, about half as many commoners, and the *élite* (as Mr. Colburn's puffs would say) of the gentry of the midland counties. By the manufacturers of the town it is especially supported. These gentlemen (who are, for the most part, *novi homines*), afford the Institution all that valuable aid which *£ s. d.* is so eminently calculated to render. Their donations and subscriptions are on the most liberal scale. The titled "patrons" (with the exception of Lords Calthorpe and Dudley, and Sir R. Peel, who are severally donors of 100*l.*) think their names sufficiently sterling; for, not even as subscribers do we meet with any pecuniary patronage attached to them. It certainly must be gratifying to the Birmingham artists to have the Dukes of Wellington, Bedford, and Devonshire at the head of their list of patrons; but as I have not heard of their extending any orders to them, I think they have reason to complain of the *vox et præterea nihil*.

The artists have got a "local habitation," which is one of the handsomest buildings in Birmingham, and, unquestionably, the finest exhibition-room in England. This room is 40 feet in height, 53 in diameter, and 150 in circumference. The space within which the pictures are hung is 20 feet high, and the light falls on them from the top. The advantage of the room, however, depends not on its magnitude, but on its *circular form*. This, after a world of hesitation, was at length fixed on, and the result has justified the choice. The room is hung with moreen stuff, and the colour, which is not too gaudy, relieves the pictures with effect. There is also, a room for Water-colour Drawings, another for Sculpture, and two or three for "generalities." The exhibitions are thus arranged: two of modern works, and one of the ancient masters, in three years. The present is the second of modern works; consequently next year's exhibition will be of the works of the old masters; and here, perhaps, the utility of keeping up a list of noble patrons, for these pictures are lent by them to the Birmingham artists for the purpose of exhibiting: so, to use our old proverb, if they don't pay in meal, they do in malt; if they do not come "down with the dust," (as Swift said in his celebrated short Charity Sermon at St. Patrick's,) they afford the means of making it by the loan of their property.

I shall now briefly run through the catalogue, and give a very untechnical and unpretending sketch of what struck me when viewing the exhibition:—

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell;
Let these describe the undiscrutable.

Last year the London "stars"—we have such equally of the pencil as on the stage—had so many excellent compositions in the exhibition here, that the local artists shone with diminished light: they have rectified the matter now. There is a sufficient sprinkling of productions from the metropolis, but the strength of the exhibition unquestionably lies in the works of the provincial artists. SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE's portraits of "Sir R. and Lady Peel," (this last not the poetical picture exhibited in London in 1827, but another of less beauty and more truth) and his unfinished portrait of "Fuseli," grace the walls of this exhibition.

SIR MARTIN SHEE has sent his "Head of a Burgomaster," and "Lavinia." WESTALL's unlike likeness of the "Princess Victoria"—his "L'Allegro"—"First interview of Henry IV. with the fair Gabrielle," and a "Landscape," do their best to look well. BRIGGS's historical painting of the "Separation of Inés de Castro from her children," (exhibited this year at Somerset House,) is also here, and has won very high encomiums: BAILY, has sent four pieces of sculpture: ARNALD's "Naiades" has been as much admired as any painting in the room: HOWARD has two fine pieces ("a Cottage Girl," and a "Scene in Knole Park"); COOPER has sent six or seven. DANNY's gorgeous "Embarkation of Cleopatra;" a "Coast Scene" of TURNER, (a very early production) and his magnificent "Florence;" ETTY's "Padora," (which the feminines only look at stealthily, because of the nakedness of the *personæ picturæ*;) two admirably characteristic portraits (of Mr. Brunel and Dr. Richardson) by PHILLIPS; and divers pieces by CORBOULD, E. LANDSEER, F. HOWARD, C. FIELDING, SMIRKE, SOANE, DRUMMOND, CHALON, eke out the contributions from London. I should not forget to mention that KNIGHT's admirable and touching "Auld Robin Gray," has met with universal approbation. I question whether any piece in the room has been more looked at—almost every one, ere he quits the room, turns to give one farewell glance at this picture.

I shall now advert to others in the *ordo* of the catalogue.

"Lion-hunt," W. WEBB (of Tamworth). A fine bold piece. The dogs are very spiritedly sketched; the colour of the lion is scarcely deep enough.

"Comus and the Lady." This has been exhibited in London: indeed, it is the production of a London artist—J. WOOD.

A fancy piece, W. BOXALL, (London). To this there is no name: it is simply catalogued as,

A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart.

It is a sweet personification of the ideality of beauty. There is little of the "foreign aid of ornament" about this lovely face. Her ebony tresses form the sole relief to the bloom of her peach-like cheek. In short, it is just such a sketch as we might take as an illustration to Lord Byron's "She walks in beauty."

"Gulnare," J. HOLLINS, (Birmingham). A representation of the bride of Seyd: but not the portrait of "Gulnare the homicide." It is too calm for this. As a fine study, it deserves praise, but I question the propriety of cutting it as it is entitled. The face is purely Greek—the costume correct: and the chief objection, if an objection it be, is that the expression is more of sorrow than of that love which went through such perils for Conrad's sake.

"A Fishing Station—sunrise," J. V. BARBER, (Birmingham). This is a singular composition. The addition of the word "sunrise" to its title, is an act of grace for which I thank its pictorial godfather: without such an adjunct, it would be difficult to ascertain whether the sun were rising or setting. The glare on the waters is too vivid. The sun is of the theatrical kind—put up for effect. In spite, however, of this *paintyish* appearance, the work is spirited and effective; the glare can easily be softened down, and the *tout ensemble* of the piece will strike the beholder with more pleasure than when he looks on (what may not be, but seems to be) a piece of affectation.

"Lane at Wiltash," H. H. LINES, (Birmingham). Mr. Lines excels in that which I wish his fellow artists would attempt—he paints his trees as recognizable in their different genera, but not as if they were all cousin-germans. There is a difference between them that is "quite refreshing" in these days of sameness.

"Plunder." The figures (which are no great things,) by SLOUS: the furniture by G. LANCE. The piece represents a bandit lying by the spoils of a town, which is burning in the distance. These, consisting of plate, sculptured vases, &c. are imitatively painted. The arabesques in the plate are quite gorgeous.

"Great Marlow—moonlight," E. CHILDE, (London). This will bear repeated examination. The radiance of the moon tints harmonize well with the quiet beauty of the scene.

"Morning—Gipsies," T. CRESWICK, (Birmingham). The effect is good.

"Fox and Phensant," E. COLEMAN. (Birmingham). This painter excels in still-life.

"Portrait of the Duchess of Kent," R. ROTHWELL, (London). A very flattering likeness. The feathers are woolly, and the lace is feathery.

"Antwerp Cathedral," D. ROBERTS, (London). The immense height of the steeple is here well represented: not so much by the comparison the eye can make from the size of the figures below, as from the indistinctness of the shadows as the spire advances in height. There is a haziness about the extremity which is exactly true to nature, but has seldom been hit off so well.

"A Lover of choice Fruit," R. FARRIER, (London). A wight who, instead of going to school, itinerates to an orchard, where he is detected, and the owner is administering some wholesome correction to him. The figure, features, and dismay of the culprit, remind us too much of one of the boys in Mulready's "Wolf and Lamb."

"Oak Trees, Packington," H. H. LINES. The same propriety in avoiding *sauciness* which I have already adverted to.

"The Wood Girl," J. COOKE, (Birmingham). The perspective here is very well thrown in.

"A View on the Irwell, Manchester," H. H. LINES. It is the art of genius to throw beauty over even the most common scenes, by the manner in which it treats them. Than Manchester there are few places which are less poetical in their appearances,—and this is not one of the most beautiful among its smoke-begrimed scenes. Yet Mr. Lines has succeeded in making a charming picture. The tone and colouring is good, and it oversteps not the modesty of nature.

In this room there are a great many works "too numerous," as advertisements say, "to be mentioned." Hoffman has contributed some of his very best and most recent sketches; local artists exhibit portraits abundantly; and Mr. S. Lines (the father of a family of artists) has distinguished himself by a spirited painting of a "Boy going to School," like Moore's second angel at the creation of woman,

Reluctant leaving scene so blest!

The works in the exhibition amount to nearly 500—and as the present bird's-eye view has only noticed about one-third of that number, I may send you a further commentary.

THE ANNUALS.

HERE they are in all their glory blooming around us, and the only difficulty is, which flower to pluck first and offer to our readers. "First come" &c.; and the proverb may be somewhat musty, but these "wise saws" have their "instances," and this shall be one of them. We broke off abruptly last time with the only one then before us,—

THE WINTER'S WREATH.

Therefore, it now claims our notice, by right of precedence. We acknowledge that we are a little prejudiced in favour of this volume—it was originally a provincial, and has won its metropolitan privilege, by the taste and judgment of the editor and the liberality of the proprietors—it looks, in its lustre of crimson and gold, the very jewel of a lady's library, and ought only

to be handled by the taper fingers of young beauty, and pored on by the eyes of young love. The portrait prefixed,—

"An English Flower," engraved by Robinson, after Hargreaves, is truly an English flower—one of those sweet, placid, fine-complexioned girls that would justly gain for us the apple, were another Paris, called to sit in judgment on European beauty—wanting, however, as English flowers are apt to do, the warm, glowing, impassioned life of Southern skies.

"The Three Maries," by Smith, after Benj. West, is considered one of the president's best pictures, and we defer to better judgments than our own. To us it has hardly a trace of originality or power. It is, however, well engraved, and clever in its general effect.

"Delos!" engraved by Miller, after Linton, would be admired if it had not been ten times produced by Linton heretofore.

"The Interior of Antwerp Cathedral," by Radclyffe, after Wild, is good, both as a painting and engraving, but the subject is not well chosen to show off the exquisite delicacy of the painter's touch, in working out the highly-wrought beauty of the ornaments of gothic architecture.

"Cologne on the Rhine," Goodall, after Austin, is a brilliant picture, perhaps the gem of the volume—the engraving is finished with great care.

"The Cottage Farm Yard," Smith, after Barker, is delicate, and indeed, beautiful, but the picture is not to our taste, and we may say the same of—

"The Mother," E. Finden, after Westall, a minny-pimny unmeaning common-place.

"The Deluge," by Brandard, after Mosses. We are weary of the subject, and the landscape is all the worse for the figures.

"La Huérfaa de Leon," Grundy, after Liversage, is a fine bold engraving. We have no doubt this picture will be very greatly admired.

"Saint Cecilia," by Robins, after Andrea Celesti, will never justify the high admiration of the Italian school; and why it was selected we are at a loss to conceive. We have no doubt it is a well-coloured picture—we should conclude so from the engraving, which is rich, soft, and fine toned—but Celesti was but a third rate artist of a second rate school.

"The Pass in the Abruzzi," we spoke of with great admiration in our last number—and

"Dove-dale," still seems to us the triumph of English scenery, and an admirable work of art.

This is decidedly the best volume we have yet had of the Winter's Wreath. We say to all who are likely to meet with it, "put money in your purse."

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR

Claims for old acquaintance and high character the privilege of the second notice. The established reputation of this volume would secure it an extensive patronage, without one word of commendation from us; it will be to all specially welcome; and no sooner had we opened the portfolio, than

"Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis," by Watt, after Sir T. Lawrence, justified all our hopes and realized our most sanguine expectations;—it is a picture flushed all over with beauty—equally of nature and of art. We turn our admiration from the sweet and lovely mother, and the natural ease and grace of the boy, to wonder at the magic pencil of the painter, and the admirable art of the engraver. We think this picture will not be equalled—one hundred and fifty guineas were paid for the engraving alone, and deserved. We turned from it almost despairingly, and came upon—

"The Narrative," by Greatbatch, after Stothard, a subject not for poets to illustrate, for it

is itself poetry. Stothard has painted similar scenes a hundred times, and always beautifully—it is the tale-tellers in Boccaccio, it recalls the Val d'Arno, it is full of all the unreal beauty of romance.

"Ghent," by Goodall, after Nash, is a fine picture, well engraved, but wanting in the brilliancy of "Cologne," by the same artist in the Winter's Wreath.

"Trojan Fugitives," by Edwards, after Jones, is an effective picture, and will be admired.

"The Sea-side Toilet," Portbury, after Holmes, is bad—it is a child of seven or eight years old, with a head of eighteen—and in

"The Maiden Astronomer," E. Finden, after Boxal, we regret that the engraving has been thrown away on a piece of miserable affectation.

"Robert Burns and his Highland Mary," Mitchell, after Edmonstone, is a picture of great interest. As to the

"Magdalen," by Watt, after Correggio, we must ask us with "Saint Cecilia," in the Winter's Wreath, why it is here? It has been engraved twenty times.

"The Canzonet," Rolls, after Howard;

"The Secret," Bacon, after Davis;

"The Lady and the Wasp," Greatbatch, after Chalon, would be becoming ornaments to any work;—but

"The Destruction of Babel," Jeavons, after Slous, is a very splendid picture, and a fine addition to a volume rich in beauties. We have been—"tis our vocation"—a little critical, but if the reader ask for a general impression, we should say get the volume, and be quick—Lady Agar Ellis and the Stothard are worth all the money.

THE GEN,

Is also before us, and it deserves its name, for the

"Portrait of a Boy," engraved by Thomson, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is one of those sweet and natural pictures that will immortalize the late President, and win honour to the English school; but we must defer our notice of this volume, and of

THE CHRISTMAS BOX,

until our next number.

A Specimen of Ink Lithography. Designed, drawn and painted by R. Martin. London. 1830.

THIS is to us a very curious and indeed interesting work, and has shaken some of our opinions as to the capabilities of lithography. It is professedly a specimen—lithography itself is but of yesterday, and this ink lithography is literally so. We are not well informed as to the process, but shall inquire further. We believe the drawing is made on the stone with a camel's-hair point, and are informed that three or four times as many impressions may be taken as from a copper-plate—ten, and indeed fifteen thousand were named. There is not a trace in it of that soft indeterminate line which has always made us fearful of lithography—indeed, the minute precision of the more delicate parts of the plate, make us anxious to see something more than a specimen, and to have the judgment of practical and informed men, on the capabilities of the art. We recommend artists to see this work, and to consider with unprejudiced minds, not merely what Mr. Martin has done, but what may be done.

KING'S THEATRE.—LORD BURGHESHS' NEW OPERA.

A NEW Italian Opera, by Lord Burghers, was rehearsed for the first time on Saturday last, in the Concert Room of the King's Theatre, by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, under the personal direction and superintendence of his Lordship. It is expected to be ready for representation early in November.

The story, and the whole plot of the piece, are taken from our opera of "The Siege of Belgrade;" indeed, we observed that the book containing the score was indorsed with the gilded title of "L'Assedio di Belgrade," but we are informed that it is intended to change that name, and that it will be brought out under the title of "Katherine, or, the Austrian Captive." The performers in the orchestra, as well as on the stage, are all taken from among the pupils of the Academy, and it will be represented in the Concert Room of the Theatre in a similar manner to their performances last season. The music is original, and the composition of his Lordship; it is, for the most part, of a light and pleasing character, indicating sufficient good taste and knowledge of the art, and several of the passages were really very effective; but we suspect it is neither of the highest class, nor the highest in its own class. If eminence or success in this line could be attained by earnest desire and anxious pains, aided by a fair measure of skill, his Lordship would both excel and succeed; but, unluckily, such honours are not to be achieved by the mere rules of art—they are the prize alone of genius, gifted to "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

Nothing certainly could surpass the earnestness and anxiety with which he strove to impress upon the youthful band even the minutest point and particular that could tend to increase the effect; and even if he did sometimes call to our mind the recollection of Begrez's admirable personification of "Il Fanatico per la Musica," we think that those "damn'd kind friends," the invited visitors on the occasion, might have spared the sarcastic allusion. They should consider, that "Il Maestro" is, proverbially, the most irritable species of the whole "irritable genus," and that, of all men living, the composer is most easily *discomposed*—and naturally so, for he, of all men else, must bear a mind most "feelingly alive to each fine impulse."

For our own part, we will not do so unseemly as well as so unjust a thing, as to express, or even to form any decided opinion, or positive judgment, upon a composition heard under such circumstances; we shall reserve our remarks upon this score until a fitter and fairer occasion.

We sincerely wish his Lordship success, for several reasons: first, as he is a very estimable and worthy man—also, as he was ever a kind and a courteous entertainer of his countrymen during his official residence in fair Florence—and lastly, because the attempt itself would, in any man, be no mean merit, and merit no mean praise; but in a *Lord!*—By the mass, we wish that the one half of our young nobility employed their time so well, and the other half, their talents no worse, than my Lord Burghersh.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

No. 3. of *Twelve favourite Aïrs, with Variations, for the Flute*. By L. Drouët. Cocks & Co.

THIS is a continuation of the brief, pleasing, and cheap publication, (of which we have noticed the two previous numbers,) and comprises three variations, and a coda, to the beautiful old English air, "Black-eyed Susan;" but, unfortunately, the theme itself is quite wrong in character and time, the bars not being in their proper places!

Mélange from Auber's celebrated Opera, "Masaniello," containing the Market Chorus, the admired Barcarolle, the favourite Prayers, and the Guaracha; arranged for the Pianoforte, and respectfully inscribed to Madame Malibran, by G. F. Harris. Monro & May.

MASANIELLO again! but well and easily arranged as a pleasing *pot pourri*, or *salmagundi*, for the pianoforte, including all the favourite pieces set forth in the title. Why does Mr. Harris, in the 9th stave of page 5, prefer writing a sharp in the

chord of the extreme sharp 6th, to a flat, written by Auber?—but "*c'est égal*," it is a clever and interesting arrangement.

Lady Susan Woodgate's Waltz; arranged for the Pianoforte, and dedicated to her by the Author.

Who the author is—why Lady Susan is—and who publishes this piece, does not appear; but a more wretched production, as a musical composition, never disgraced paper. This circumstance may account for its being so decidedly anonymous.

I've the kindest of welcomes for thee: a Ballad, by Thomas Haynes Bayly; affectionately dedicated to his cousin, Miss Catharine Rogers. Cramer, Addison & Beale.

THE words of this ballad are pretty—the music has little originality to recommend it. Taken both together they may deserve "a kind welcome," and have attained a deserved popularity.

No. 2. *Douze Recréations Musicales Brillantes, sur les Thèmes favoris de Mozart, Rossini, C. M. Weber, Meyerbeer, &c. Arrangées pour le Pianoforte*, par Charles Chaulieu. Cocks & Co.

WE experienced considerable satisfaction in noticing the first number of this very desirable little work in the Athenæum (No. 150, p. 573); and the second number is equally acceptable with the former. It exhibits the pretty march in Rossini's "*Riccardo e Zoraide*," arranged in an elegant, concise, and interesting manner, and within the compass of performers of mediocrity.

THE THEATRES.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THERE has been no novelty during the week, if we except the appearance of a Mr. Keppel in the part of *Romeo*. We scarcely know what to say of him. He did not displease us, nor did he interest us in the slightest degree. We think it better to defer our judgment.

That very disagreeable play the "Grecian Daughter," was repeated on Wednesday. It introduced us to some of Miss Kemble's finest attitudes; but we know of no other opportunity which it affords for the display of her talents. We do not particularly admire her elocution; and only the very finest elocution can, as it appears to us, render any portion of the play tolerable. On this subject, we cannot avoid alluding to the very admirable delivery of Mr. G. Bennett, in the part of the tyrant. Would that Mr. Warde could profit from the example, and strive to require some slight degree of mastery over a voice, which serves his purpose admirably in grave comedy, but which, in its present uncultivated state, mars the beauty of tragic poetry (when the tragedy possesses any,) and destroys the rhythmus of blank verse, when, as in the case of the "Grecian Daughter," the rhythmus is all that distinguishes it from prose.

"Black-eyed Susan" has been played as an afterpiece for a good many nights. Mr. T. P. Cooke is a *matter-of-fact* representative of the sailor. He is a very clever actor. We are glad to observe that a new nautical piece is in preparation.

SURREY THEATRE.

WE crossed the river on Wednesday evening, to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. J. Russell play the Devil at this establishment. The satanic school, in dramatic literature, has done more, we may remark, for our theatres of late years, than any other that we can remember; and the "Devil's Walk" is, we believe, destined to enjoy a considerable portion of that popularity which has followed the *Freischütz* and *Vampires*—though, truth to speak, it bears a much closer resemblance to "Tom and Jerry" than to either of these celebrated productions. To those who have read the lively poem from which this ex-

travaganza takes its name, any detailed account of the story would be superfluous; suffice it to state, that his infernal majesty is seized with a fancy "to visit his snug little farm of the earth, and see how his stock gets on." He takes accordingly a rapid survey of the several continental states: but in London he resolves to become a housekeeper. He soon finds, however, to his cost, that the schoolmaster has been abroad since his last visit, and that some of his votaries have improved their opportunities so well, as to have become, in the interim, more satanic than himself. He is cheated, beaten, imprisoned, outwitted, by sundry of the sons and daughters of men; and finds himself obliged at last, to summon a legion of his familiars to his assistance, in order to secure the honours of a decent retreat to the warmer climate from which he had emerged.

Mr. J. Russell is the hero of the piece. We have been permitted, for some seasons past, to enjoy glimpses of this gentleman's talent at the great winter houses, and at Mr. Arnold's establishment; and, highly as we were disposed, from these exhibitions, to rate his powers, the display of them on Wednesday night produced on us all the excitement of a discovery. His bearing in the part is admirable throughout—the humour is sustained in all its quaintness—and every point which the author has introduced, has its keenness heightened by the skill of the actor. A great deal of medley music falls to the Devil's share; and Mr. Russell sang it beautifully. His voice is clear, rich, mellow; his singing is always in tune, and never without expression.

Of the other characters in this phantasmagoria, Mr. Dibdin Pitt's *Warwick Lane Doctor*, and Mr. Honor's *Sailor*, pleased us most. Miss Somerville sang with taste, and Miss Vincent bustled through her part with considerable spirit. It would be unfair to pass over without commendation, Rogers's *Jerry Knapp*; and it might be unfriendly not to warn Mr. Edwin against bellowing so fearfully when he attempts a serenade.

WEALTH OF THE SPANISH CLERGY.

THE annual income of the Spanish Clergy has been generally valued at 16,000,000*l.*, although the clergy themselves have always denied that it was more than 12 or 13,000,000*l.*

Up to 1792, all the taxes and contributions paid to the government did not exceed 5,500,000*l.* yearly, so that the Spanish people paid nearly three times as much for their religious as for their civil government.

From the beginning of the 18th century to 1792, we do not find that the clergy ever contributed to the charges of the state, more than 130,000*l.* lent to the government in 1780, and a donation of 400,000*l.* in 1792.

From 1792 to 1808, the clergy advanced to the government either by loan or donation 1,890,000*l.*, and received from the people within the same period, at least 195,000,000*l.*, so that they contributed much less than one per cent. of their income; while the people, in addition to the payment of 7,500,000*l.* annually, as ordinary contribution to the government, were obliged to pay within that same period 56,000,000*l.*, as extraordinary contributions.

Up to the year 1808, the clergy enjoyed great privileges: they and their property were exempt from all contribution and taxes, and they pushed this privilege to so monstrous an extent, that every clergyman received yearly from the Royal Treasury, a sum of money in repayment of such tax as it was *presumed* he might have paid in the purchase of provisions bought in the open markets; such provisions being subjected to a municipal tax at the gates of the city. †

† This privilege has been restored since 1823.

From 1808 to 1814, they were obliged to disgorge some of their enormous wealth, for neither French nor Spaniards spared them. The Cortes were of opinion that they ought not to be exempt from contributing to the charges of the state; that, having possessed themselves of their enormous wealth by illegal and foul means, it was high time to deprive them of it; that the important interests of religion required a more just and impartial distribution, and not to allow a great majority of the rectors of parishes to starve on thirty or forty pounds a year, while the prelates, the canons, in a word, the whole of the high clergy, enjoyed immense revenues. In consequence of this determination, the bishops, canons, and pluralists, conspired against the Cortes; and, in 1814, eventually triumphed—but their triumph was of short duration. In 1817 the King deprived them of their privilege of exemption, and, having imposed a property-tax, the Spanish people everywhere contrived to make the church landed property pay, perhaps, twice as much as in justice it ought. The clergy, growing weary of these burdens, beheld with indifference the revolution of 1820,—concluding that their condition could not be worse under the dominion of the Cortes, than it had been under the absolute King. In this they were mistaken; for the Cortes applied a part of the church property to the payment of the national debt, which caused the dissensions between the clergy and the Cortes to break out afresh. There cannot be the least doubt that the contest would have terminated in favour of the Cortes, had not the Duke d'Angoulême invaded Spain, with his 100,000 French troops, for the avowed purpose of compelling the Spaniards to pay more for their religion than they were disposed to do. From that period the clergy have enjoyed their former privileges; but there is a great falling off in their revenues, owing to the little value of every description of agricultural produce, and to its having become a common practice among the Spaniards to use every endeavour to cheat them of their tithes. The clergy, on the other hand, have resorted to the most violent measures to compel their flocks to pay the full amount; they have generally been unsuccessful, and have rendered themselves objects of detestation, without finding a remedy for the evil.

A SPLENDID MOSAIC.

[From the "Neue Schweizer Zeitung,"]

WE learn, that in a sterile district on the estate of Cormerod, in the circle of Freyburg, in Switzerland, where no man living would have dreamed of meeting with such objects as vestiges of the arts and splendour of ancient Rome, a mosaic of the very highest interest has just been brought to light. It represents the labyrinth of Crete; and is nearly nineteen feet in length and as many in breadth. In the centre is a circular space four feet in diameter, on which the combat between Theseus and the Minotaur is depicted. The hero's figure and attitude are perfect models; his hand and the forepart of his left arm are enveloped in a mantle; the right hand is armed with a club, with which he has just struck the monster's head, as appears by the blood that flows from it. The figure of the Minotaur is not so finely executed as that of Theseus; its proportions seem scarcely athletic enough; but still, there is that about it, which cannot fail powerfully to attract the attention of the antiquarian amateur. This monstrous offspring of Pasiphaë evidently remains to be overthrown; it has the body of a man but the head of a bull, and is the reverse of the Egyptian Bacchus, who is represented with a human countenance and the body of a bull, and has been supposed, by most antiquaries, to be identical with the Cretan Minotaur. The monster por-

trayed on the present mosaic, is similar to those found on Athenian coins, as well as in the paintings discovered at Herculaneum: both the one and other appear to be drawn after the same model, if indeed they are not imprinted with one and the same stamp. In the four corners of the labyrinth stand representations either of tents or a species of towers, one of which, and one only, serves for an entrance into it; and to the right and left of each tent are introduced birds of prey of the raven species. With regard to the labyrinth itself, it is not possible to describe its form and compartments in words; but it is of perfect symmetry.—It is the intention of the government of the Canton of Freyburg to place this beautiful specimen of ancient art in their Museum.

It is curious to trace the connexion of trivial and remote causes with important consequences—to observe in what manner destinies are fulfilled, and by what means Time brings about his own revenges. Bonaparte, in the height of his power, little dreamed of the downfall of his own dominion—of the restoration of the old race, and of their utter re-expulsion; and that all these things would happen in less time than it would take for history fully to record them. Still less could he dream that the latter of these events would be mainly owing to the circumstance (seemingly so unimportant at the time) of his sparing the life of a then insignificant conspirator against his own. It is true, he was a predestinarian and a presentimentalist; but such a futurity as this could hardly have cast its coming shadows even over his mind.—The life of M. de Polignac was justly forfeit to the law in the conspiracy of the Georges. The reluctant consent of Bonaparte to spare that life, was wrung from him by the earnest entreaties of those who could most influence him, and chiefly by the importunity of his nearest, dearest, and best Josephine, who was herself greatly moved to it by the prayers and intercession of the then *Duchess Dowager of Orleans* (formerly Madame Montesson). The overthrown monarch himself now rests beneath the rock, whilst the victim, whom that act of mercy spared, has been the chief instrument to revenge him upon the race of his successors.

"O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns their swords
In their own proper entrails."

The *Revue de Paris* publishes a letter from a M. Brard on the manufacture of paper from rotten wood. Struck, he says, with the fibrous texture of rotten pine wood, and its perfect resemblance to the paste from which common paper is made, he determined on trying whether he could not devote to some useful purpose a substance which was considered as being no longer capable of any service. He took from the mountains of Esterelle Frejus, in Upper Provence, a large quantity of rotten wood (*pinus maritima*), and extracted carefully from it all the knots and other parts which had resisted decomposition. This ligneous matter was then put into an oil-mill and ground. It was watered, and afterwards put into sacks to drain off. The paste thus formed was taken to the paper-manufacture of M. Legier, at Brignolles, and, after being subject to the usual process, about 500 sheets of grayish paper were produced, fit to be written on, although no glue had been applied to it. He took this paper to Marseilles, with the intention of converting it into pasteboard of different thicknesses, and by pasting a number of sheets together, he formed a pasteboard sufficiently solid and light for ordinary use.—*Times*.

Periodicals.—What the forum was to the Romans, periodicals are to us of modern times; they are the barometer of public life.

"L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei," which, as we stated last week, was brought out at the Italian Opera in Paris, met with only indifferent success, notwithstanding the united efforts of Lalande, Zuchelli, and Donzelli. The libretto, or story, is found great fault with by the Parisian critics (as if in an Italian opera that were of much consequence). The music also, by Pacini, is represented to be feeble and inexpressive—a dilution of Rossini. We suspect, that the vivacity of our neighbours makes them rather too prompt in deciding upon the musical character of such a composition as an opera upon a first performance. The Italians, who are much deeper seen in the mysteries of the art, never hazard a judgment upon the scientific merits of the score, (indeed, they profess their inability to form one) until its frequent repetition has made it familiar to them. We do not therefore attach great value to the opinion thus given upon a first impression; we shall, however, soon be able to judge of this matter for ourselves, as this opera is among the earliest novelties of the King's Theatre next season, where it will be brought out in great strength.

"Il Comte Ory," which experienced so unfavourable a reception in London two seasons ago, is now running a successful course in Paris.

The new tragedy at Covent Garden is by Mr. Thomas Wade, the author of "Woman's Love."

Mr. Pocock has also a forthcoming melodrama at the same theatre.

A numerous company assembled on the 3rd instant at the foundry of Messrs. Inger and Soye, at Paris, to see the casting of the grand statue of King Stanislaus, intended for the city of Nancy, as designed by M. Jacquot, the bust being taken from the beautiful model of M. Lemaire. Among the spectators present on the occasion, were the Austrian Ambassador, M. d'Appony, Colonel Cradock, Messrs. Clarac and Quincy, and several distinguished artists. The furnace, containing the whole mass of metal in a state of fusion, presented, on opening, a splendid spectacle, and on pouring it into the mould everything seemed to announce complete success, when suddenly a hissing sound was heard, and in an instant the whole mass burst forth like a volcano in clouds of smoke and torrents of burning metal. The roof of the manufactory was torn off, and the fragments scattered far and wide. By singular good fortune no lives have been lost, but several have been cruelly burned and many severely wounded. This accident is supposed to have arisen from some of the vents in the mould being stopped up, that were intended to give passage to the confined air. The Duke of Orleans was to have been present on the occasion, but he sent an excuse about an hour before, regretting that his occupations prevented his attending.

Propensity of English Travellers.—"The City Library of Mentz, which formerly belonged to the Electoral University, notwithstanding the spoliation committed by Custine and other revolutionary generals, still possesses many black-letter treasures, which would delight the heart of a Roxburgh clubbist. Among others, I observed the fragments of a painted missal, which once belonged to the bold Charles of Burgundy. The leaves were loose, and, according to the account of the librarian, (who is now ordered never to let this beautiful work go into a stranger's hands,) several of them have been sold, but many more stolen—conceive my horror—by English ladies! The same calumny (for I trust I may set it down as such) was repeated by the keeper of the picture-gallery, which is under the same roof as the library, who very significantly told my guide, 'We have removed all the curiosities we have had here in a small way, to prevent their being carried off by the English.'" A. B.

Mons. Artaud has completed his French translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia." It is not the finest linen that makes the best tinder—and we have a saying, that the very worst of things spring from the abuse of the best. Can mere talent translate genius?—can a mere tongue of phrases render the soul's own language?—can "thoughts that burn" be expressed by words that do not glow? We fear that M. Artaud will teach us exactly how far it is from the sublime to the ridiculous.

A Lincolnshire farmer, on being told that the low countries had risen, replied that he was glad to hear it, for they would not so often be injured by the floods.

Colour of the Red Sea.—This subject has for ages given occasion to repeated conjectures and investigations. Professor Ehrenberg (in his report of Travels in Egypt, Dongola, Arabia, &c.) has been the first to observe, that it proceeds from a minute Oscillatoria, one of those Lilliputian products, which holds a place between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

New Island discovered.—At the entrance of the gulph of Akaba, and near Gisan, Professor Ehrenberg discovered an island, called *Farsan*, which is three days' journey in circumference, and contains three villages and several harbours for small vessels.

A paragraph in the *Journal des Débats* of the 9th inst. announces that a change has taken place in the property and editorship of *Le Globe* (French journal). M. Dubois has ceased to be its editor since the 17th of August last, and Messrs Barthélemy, Damiron, Dejean, Desclaux, Dittmer, Duchâtel, Duvergier de Hauranne, Guizard, Joudroy, Renusset, Renouard and Vilet, have also ceased to be connected with it as contributors.

French Bibliography.—The number of books published in France during the year 1829, was 7823; and that of engravings and lithographic prints was 840.

Competition for the first Prize of Sculpture. Paris.—There were eight candidates for this honourable prize—viz. MM. Joffroy, Bryant, Elex, Bion, Jaques, Ramus, Husson and Dumas. The subject (proposed by the Academy) was the moment when Theseus, having overcome the Minotaur, receives the grateful homage of the young Athenians, whom he had rescued from the monster. The first prize has been awarded to M. Husson, a pupil of David's, and the second to M. Ramus, a pupil of M. Corlon; honourable mention is also made by the judges of M. Bion.

Milton's Lycidas.—In the commentary of Warton on the exquisite description of the flowers in this poem, we are referred to Shakespeare, Fletcher, and half a dozen others, from whom Milton is believed to have taken the hint; but the tomb-flowers in Virgil's "Culex," more certainly within the range of the young scholar's reading, are not mentioned. Yet there is so remarkable a coincidence between the passages, that we think it not improbable he was indebted to the Mantuan. The wind-up,

Et quoscunque novant vernantia tempora flores, although it may differ in meaning, strongly resembles in manner the beautiful line,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears. The "and every," is evidently the "et quoscunque." Milton's passage is confessedly the more beautiful, but Virgil's the more original. Virgil's was the ore from which Milton smelted—of the one may be said *inventit*, and of the other *fecit*. Turning over the leaves of Warton's pleasant volume, our eye caught the old note and the absurd error, which is usually revived and makes its round of the papers about every ten years, that Milton, with the fanatical zeal of Prynne or Hugh Peters, "censured King Charles for studying Shakespeare." The error has been

before exposed, but we think it well to quote the passage from Milton, which we suspect Warton had never read; he, no doubt, copied the charge from some cotemporary attack on the great poet, and transferred it without examination to his own pages—he could not have so grossly mistaken the sense of the passage, and he was too honest a man to have done Milton an injustice, however widely he might differ from him in opinions. In the "Icon Basilike," much is said of Charles's pure religion, on which Milton observes, that religion is the common cloak of tyrants—"the poets, and some English have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one who we well know was the closest companion of his solitudes, William Shakespeare; who introduces the person of Richard III. speaking in a high strain of piety and mortification." And this is the proof that Milton's "finest feelings, his warmest poetical predilections, were at last totally obliterated by civil and religious enthusiasm"—and that "he censured" King Charles for listening to the "wild and native wood-notes of fancy's sweetest child(!)"

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We greatly regret that our Dublin friend did not receive his paper in due course. He must be aware that we can only direct, and the most positive directions were given. This and some like inattentions have induced a rigid examination, and some changes; and we trust it will not occur again: if, however, we should be deceived, we shall be obliged by hearing from him. We take this opportunity of mentioning to all who receive their copies direct from our office, that they are, or ought to be, forwarded by the post of Saturday, and if not received in due course, we shall willingly pay the postage of the letter that informs us of so unjustifiable a neglect.

We have two correspondents with the same initials—a known and unknown friend. To W. C. [not of L.] we acknowledge ourselves obliged, but the verses sent leave us in doubt. J. U. has our thanks. B. J. is misinformed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 7	61 45	30.25	W.	Clear.
Fr. 8	65 47	30.25	W.	Cloudy.
Sat. 9	58 50	30.39	N.W. to N.	Drizzle.
Sun. 10	60 43	30.32	E.	Drizzle.
Mon. 11	60 43	30.47	E.	Drizzle.
Tues. 12	60 43	30.35	E.	Drizzle.
Wed. 13	59 40	30.32	E.	Clear.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus and Cirrostratus. Stratus, on calm evenings. Mean temperature of the week, 52.5°.

Nights and Mornings fair.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Mars in conjunction on Wednesday, at 1h. 5m. A.M.

An occultation of Aldebaran on Thursday, visible in the S.W. of England.

Jupiter's geocentric long. on Wed. 16° 10' in Capricorn.

Mars — — — 21° 17' in Pisces.

Sun's — — — 18° 38' in Libra.

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Natural and Experimental Philosophy,
The Principles and Practice of Commerce,
Natural History and Zoology,
English Law and the Principles of Jurisprudence.

Information respecting these situations may be obtained on application at the Office of the College, between the hours of twelve and three.

By order of the Council,
H. SMITH, Secretary.
2, Parliament-street,
13th July, 1830.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Council hereby give notice, that the following CLASSES will MEET on Monday, the 1st of November next:—Latin, Greek, English, French, German, Italian, Hebrew, Oriental Languages, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Philosophy of the Human Mind and Logic, General Jurisprudence, Medical Jurisprudence, English Law, on Monday, the 4th of November. The Course of Chemistry commenced with the Medical Classes on the 1st of October; but the first five weeks are occupied with a general view of the Science, and the detailed consideration of each branch commences in November. Botany also commenced the 2d of October; but there is a Spring Course in April. The Course of Zoology commences on the 3d of January; and there is a Summer Course on Zoology and Comparative Anatomy. The Lectures on Political Economy commence in February. There are to be an Evening Course of Mathematics, and Popular Courses of Natural Philosophy, commencing also on the 1st of November.

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